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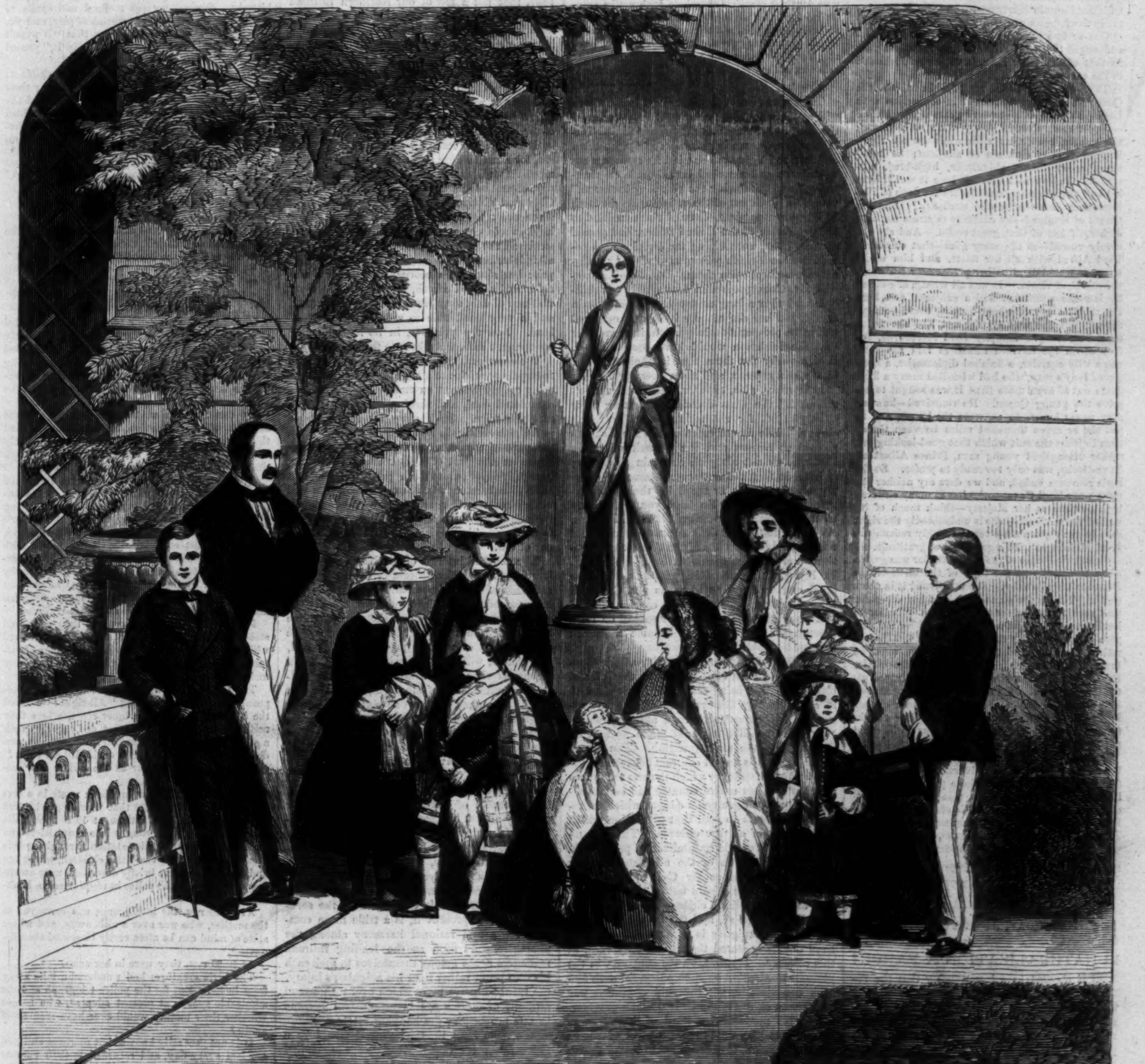
THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND AND HER FAMILY.

The accompanying engraving is from a photograph, taken for Queen Victoria by a leading firm of photographers in London. It probably dates from a day or two before the marriage of the Princess Royal; the Queen may naturally be supposed to have wished to preserve some record of her united family, which was then on the point of being separated.

Nine children are represented in the picture, of whom three are known by name to the public. The eldest, the Princess Royal, is remembered by the fêtes which accompanied her marriage to Prince Frederick William of Prussia. From all that we can learn, she is a good wife and a fond mother, and stands very well among the people of Berlin. It is said that she shocked the prejudices of some of the Court duennas, when she first went to Prussia, by showing herself capable of doing many useful things, and overseeing much household work which, at some continental courts, are deemed beneath the attention of a royal princess. But it is said that when she was reminded of her dignity she cut short the remonstrances of her Prussian friends quite abruptly by telling them that her mother is not above taking care of her children and her household, and she proposed to follow the example.

The Prince of Wales, who is to be the next King of England if he lives, has "come out" within the past twelvemonth. He has traveled through a large part of Europe, and has spent the winter in Rome, greatly to the disgust of a number of excellent Protestants, who are afraid that the air will convert him. We have conversed with a gentleman who used to meet him frequently at Rome. He describes him as a well-bred, ingenuous young man, with hearty English appreciation of fun and frolic, and no apparent tendency to the vices which have disgraced so many of his family. He is traveling in company with a brother of Lord Elgin's, Colonel Bruce, a very fashionable man, with the manners of a Frenchman, and no very great intellect, but an excellent *cicerone*, no doubt. The Prince rather enjoyed occasional flashes of freedom from the Colonel's society, and bore his part in the well-known festivities of the Carnival as jovially as any plebeian. His *confetti* were showered with unsparing hand, and gossip says that more than one fair Roman girl still treasures the bonbons which the Prince threw at her with a meaning glance. He was fond of visiting the studios, and showed good taste in becoming the purchaser of our countrywoman, Miss Hosmer's, "Puck." Altogether, the Prince made a good impression on his Roman acquaintance, and led them to hope that, when his turn comes to wear the crown, he will wear it as worthily as his mother has done.

Prince Alfred, of the *Euryalus*, is the midshipman of whom so much has lately been said, and in honor of whom so many officers and officials have—to borrow the Lounger's expression—partaken of



PRINCE ALFRED. THE PRINCE CONSORT. PRINCESS HELENA. PRINCESS ALICE. PRINCE ARTHUR. HER MAJESTY, WITH THE INFANT PRINCESS BEATRICE. PRINCESS ROYAL. PRINCE LEOPOLD. PRINCESS LOUISA. PRINCE OF WALES.

QUEEN VICTORIA AND HER FAMILY AT OSBORNE.—[From a Photograph by Caldesi and Montecchi.]

that delicious food, the toad. The toad repasts at Malta, Gibraltar, and elsewhere, are doubtless well remembered by our readers; it is a mercy that no indigestion or dyspepsia has followed them. The Queen, it is said, deeming the toad so popular as an article of diet among her people as to need no further encouragement, has given orders that for the future, when loyal officers desire to eat it in connection with her son, the meal must be consumed in private; so there are to be no more feasts in honor of the boy sailor. Report says that he does his duty and keeps his watch as faithfully as any other officer; also, that he is learning his trade honestly. Let us hope so. There is no reason why a boy should not be able to learn seamanship simply because his mother happens to be a queen. If the race of toad-eaters will only let him alone, there is no reason why Prince Alfred should not some day do credit to his country.

The younger children are yet unknown to fame; their names will be found at the bottom of our engraving.

Of their parents there is happily very little to be said. As that country is the happiest and most prosperous whose history is the dullest and least eventful, so the monarch whose life affords no piquant materials for the biographer is sure to merit high praise. It is so of Queen Victoria. She has reigned over twenty years over one of the greatest kingdoms of the earth—in a country where the press is as free as it is here, and where scandal is highly popular; and yet no one knows any thing of her private life except that she sets an example of quiet behavior, motherly affection, and Christian virtue. She is followed by newsmongers from her palace at Windsor to her highland retreat in Scotland, and to her marine villa at Osborne; but they tell us nothing except that she shows affection for her family, gives prompt audience to her Ministers, goes regularly to church (and is not particular about the denomination of her minister, so he preach manfully and earnestly), and dispenses a gracious hospitality to foreigners. Of this latter trait our Captain Hartstene, who took the *Resolute* to England, bears grateful testimony.

One or two peeps at that inner life which is—and ought to be—as sacred from the public gaze as that of any other lady, have been vouchsafed to the curious.

That touching little romance in which the Queen's name was mentioned in connection with Lord Alfred Paget's—twenty years ago and more—is yet remembered. They were both young; she gentle, tender, as susceptible as all right-hearted girls of eighteen or nineteen; he handsome, accomplished, chivalrous, high-bred, passionately in love with her. Where it would have led had the affair happened before the days of Parliamentary ascendency who shall say? She was Queen of England—by courtesy mistress not only of herself but of that great realm. And she solemnly vowed—so the story goes—that she loved Lord Alfred with all her heart, and him would have, or would die, like her predecessor Elizabeth the starched virgin. It was all wrong, of course; by law she could not wed a subject; and Lord Paget was a boy of whom nothing could be foreseen. But she was Queen, and had she not a right to choose? Happily Lord Melbourne, before whom the terrified ministers laid the case, was a wily courtier, a finished diplomatist, a *sans-pareil* lady's man, who had wheedled many a high dame out of even more than it was sought to deprive the young Queen. He contrived—how we may never know—to separate the lovers, and to put six or seven thousand miles between them; then to press the suit which that good-looking but rather disengaged young man, Prince Albert of Saxe-Gotha, was only too ready to prefer. So the little romance ended, and we dare say neither the Queen nor Lord Paget—who has as many children by this time as her Majesty—think much of it; while Prince Albert—who is undoubtedly the right man in the right place—very probably remembers Lord Melbourne with a good deal of gratitude.

Another glimpse of the royal interior was granted to the public at the time of the birth of the Princess Royal's baby. We mentioned it in these pages. The Queen's anxiety about her daughter was such that a telegraph line from Windsor to Berlin was that night kept disengaged for the purpose of transmitting the news. The Queen had retired, leaving word that the message must be brought her the moment it reached the castle. Presently the message came, and a privileged attendant, too excited to dwell upon formalities, burst open the door, and found the Queen on her knees, in tears, praying earnestly. Her thankfulness, when she heard that all was well, could not find expression in words.

There is no royal family in the world so beloved by their subjects, or so universally respected by foreigners, as the family whose portraits we now lay before our readers. In this country no foreigner would be received with such honor as the Prince of Wales, or any member of his family. The Prince should certainly come, and observe the working of Democratic institutions.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JUNE 25, 1859.

IS NATURALIZATION A FARCE?

WE showed in a late number that the refusal of the Administration to protect naturalized citizens against compulsory enlistment in foreign armies rendered the naturalization law nugatory, and gave the lie to the principles which were asserted by Mr. Madison during the war of 1812, and more recently by Mr. Marcy in the case of Koszta. We have received from an obvious source at Washington the following reply to our remarks, which we print from respect for Mr. Cass:

To the Editor of Harper's Weekly:

WASHINGTON CITY, *June* 11, 1859.

I have just perused an article in your issue of this date styling American citizenship a farce, because naturalized citizens will not be protected from forced enlistment if they return to their native land in time of war. Allow me to correct you. General Cass, in his Le Clerc letter, simply lays down the law as recognized by all civilized nations. Under it naturalized citizens will be as much protected as they ever have been by this Government. The Constitution and law knows no distinction between native and naturalized citizens *here*, but when a foreigner returns to the land of his nativity he incurs responsibilities that his adopted country can not control and have no right to meddle with. The case of the Iowa merchant may be a hard one in a certain sense, but that same merchant, under the Prussian law, even though he be a naturalized citizen of the United States, may hold the rank of commander-in-chief of the Prussian army, because his government denies the right of expatriation. The same principle does not govern this case that you urge as the cause of the war of 1812. There the British Government sought to take men from under the very folds of our national flag; but here it is altogether different, for the naturalized citizen forsakes his adopted country and temporarily places himself under the protection of his own country, and he does this voluntarily when he knows the risks he incurs. General Cass's doctrine is the true one, and it will keep us out of many difficulties in future. Other governments have rights as well as our own, and especially in their own jurisdiction; and if we are to set up as reformers of the law of nations, we must have a much larger army and navy than we now possess, before we can convince the world that we are the only judges of law and the rights of the civilized world. Any other doctrine than this would lead us into constant broils, and I venture to say you will not be able to find a naturalized citizen from Germany or Italy who does not manifest even here such active sympathy for his countrymen that he would gladly contribute material aid to insurgents who want to break down their governments with whom we are at peace. As neutrals we can not take any other safe course than that laid down by the Secretary.

The statements of fact contained in the above will be news to most readers. All histories of the war of 1812 state that the twenty-three Irishmen who were made prisoners at Queenstown and sent to England to be tried for treason were volunteers, and marched into Canada "voluntarily," and "knowing the risk they incurred." Congress, ignorant of the refinements set forth by our correspondent, deemed them entitled to the protection of the United States, and passed an act (1813) authorizing the President to retaliate upon British prisoners of war any indignities practiced upon them. Mr. Madison, unlike Mr. Cass, proceeded accordingly to retaliate; and after a long controversy Great Britain abandoned her claim. Had the case occurred under the present Administration, it seems clear that the Irishmen would have been hanged. It was lucky for them that in their day Mr. Cass was a captain, and not a Secretary.

It is news, also, that "all civilized nations recognize" the Cass doctrine of letting their citizens shift for themselves when traveling abroad. The recent cases of the English engineers at Naples and the French sailors in Portugal do not altogether sustain this view; in both, in fact, the outraged citizens were amply and promptly avenged by their Governments. France and England, you see, are not so much afraid of "difficulties" as Mr. Cass. As to the distinction drawn between native and naturalized citizens, that is an American invention, and has not occurred to foreign jurists. In Europe, naturalization produces the same legal consequences as birth, as Mr. Cass and his apologist will discover by a careful study of Mr. Crémieux's opinion on the subject on Lord Brougham's application to become a French citizen.

But, in truth, if the past policy of our Government had been consistent with that of Mr. Cass, instead of being diametrically opposed to it, and if foreign Governments did refuse protection to their subjects when abroad—which they do not—all this would make no sort of difference to the main question. The act of naturalization is a civil contract between an individual and a state, by which the one renounces allegiance to his native country and swears allegiance to the country he adopts, which, in return, guarantees to him that protection which is the right of all her citizens. There is no word in the law or in naturalization papers limiting the protection or the allegiance. If it had been intended, as Mr. Cass pretends, that the United States should not be bound to protect their naturalized citizens abroad, the law would have said so, and the formal document by which a foreigner is made a citizen would have expressly stated that it was only valid in this country. It states, on the contrary, in the plainest words, that on such a day, for such and such considerations, "the said applicant was admitted a citizen of the United States of America." No more—not a word of limitation to this or that place. Is there a court of law in the world which, if called upon to interpret this contract, would decide that it was only valid in certain localities, or that prior circumstances, of which the United States were cognizant at the time, could relieve them from fulfilling their part of it?

We repeat what we said in our first article—there is nothing in the law or the Constitution to justify any distinction among citizens. A man is a citizen, or he is not. If he is not, he incurs no obligations and acquires no rights. If he is, he is bound to serve in the militia, to pay taxes, to serve on juries, to defend the country at need, and to fulfill each and several the recognized obligations of citizenship; in return for which the country is bound to protect him wherever he goes, and in whatsoever lawful undertaking he engages. For the nation to shirk their part of the bargain, after exacting from the citizen the fulfillment of his part, is a fraud.

That "Mr. Cass's doctrine will keep us out of many difficulties" is highly probable. Cowardice is often safe. There were many excellent persons who thought it absurd for the United States to rush into war in 1812 to protect American ships from search; they, too, wanted to "keep out of difficulties." Nay, not a few persons of Mr. Cass's age and respectability were very much opposed to "getting into difficulties" with Great Britain about a paltry stamp tax, just before that great "difficulty," the Revolution. But they were outnumbered. It will be so now. Some day some new Secretary will take up the case of a naturalized citizen who shall have been outraged by a European monarch, and will build a great reputation by undoing Mr. Cass's work. And in those days people will think of Mr. Cass as we do now of the Tories of the Revolution or the Blue Light Federalists of 1813.

RAILROAD LIQUIDATION.

IT was foreseen, at the time of the crisis of 1857, that not a few of our Northern railroad companies would be compelled to enter into liquidation, and would need to slough off a large portion of their indebtedness before they could pay profits. As they stood at that time, many of them were carrying a load of debt on which they could not expect to be able to pay interest; it was therefore a mere question of time when they should seek relief at the hands of the sheriff.

This time has come for several—among others, for a road whose name has become synonymous throughout the North and West with corruption and mismanagement—we mean the "La Crosse and Milwaukie Railroad." A few days since the trustee of the third mortgage bondholders sold out this road, thus wiping off at a stroke all the original stock and a large amount of indebtedness of various kinds. The enterprise has since been reorganized under a new title, and started afresh, with only about six millions of debt on 200 miles of well-built road, and a very good title to a large quantity of land. Now the property, in its new shape, is pronounced safe, and likely to prove lucrative.

We commend the example to other railroad enterprises which are struggling along, endeavoring to pay interest on enormous loads of accumulated debt, and sinking every day deeper into the mire. Such struggles are likely to prove unavailing in the end; forbearance on the part of creditors, and petitions for indulgence on the part of debtor corporations, are generally injurious to both parties. The first offer of a bankrupt is always the best he will make; and the first default of a corporation is the one upon which the creditor should appeal to the law. Temporizing is fatal in nine cases out of ten.

The railroad interest of the North and West is going through the process through which the railroads of Great Britain and of Massachusetts have passed. There are those who, seeing the suspension of dividends, and the steady decline in market values at the brokers' board, argue that the age of railway property has passed, and that it will all be sacrificed. This is an erroneous view. As compared with the railroads of other parts of the world, ours have cost very little money—about one-sixth that of the English roads on the average; and as compared with foreign roads, ours can calculate on a traffic unparalleled elsewhere. It is true that competing lines have been freely built in many States; but all the roads, with the help of emigration, are building up a local traffic which, in the course of time, will render them fair property almost independently of through business. In a year or two, for instance, the New York Central, the Michigan Southern, and other great central lines, will be able to pay dividends out of their local business alone. All that is wanted to renovate our railroad interest, and restore public confidence in the securities which represent it, is a trifle more common sense and rational harmony among the managers. As soon as the leading railroad managers agree among themselves to seek each his own profit rather than his neighbor's injury, the railroad interest—in which over a thousand millions of dollars are invested—will become as safe property as the banking interest.

We have long thought that it would be a great thing for the railroads of the United States if concert of action and a common policy were established and maintained among them by means of a central organization. Periodical conventions of railway managers, at which a frank interchange of views might take place, and sound principles of railway policy be ventilated, would undoubtedly tend to diminish the chances of such reckless competition as we have this spring witnessed. The establishment of a Central Committee, with power to hear all charges of unfair dealing between road and road, and adjudicate upon each case, would enable the general body to enforce any tariffs which it might be deemed proper to adopt, by cutting off any offending road from its connections; for the nature of our Northern country is such that every road which we have is more or less dependent upon its connections for business. Were a concert of action established, and all the roads organized into one controlling body, nothing could be easier than to enforce discipline among them, and to compel obedience to the laws of the organization.

Events will probably soon suggest the necessity of some such arrangement as we propose. Railway fights, such as have taken place in the North this spring, are fatal to the roads, and really benefit no one—not even shippers, who know to their cost the mischief wrought by sudden reductions and as sudden augmentations of fares. What business requires of railroads is speed, safety, and fair and uniform rates of fare. The shortest way of securing these requisites would seem to be through the establishment of a general organization of all the railroad companies.

LOST CHILDREN.

ONE day last week the writer was passing through Beekman Street on his way to the Park. His attention was attracted by two little children, apparently about three years old, who, hand in hand, were walking hurriedly along, and crying bitterly. Several persons stopped and spoke to them; but all, with an expression of pity, and yet with an air which seemed to say that "it wasn't their business, and they couldn't help it," passed on.

Presently the writer overtook the children. They were rather neatly dressed, but dusty; their faces were red and swollen with crying and the heat, which was very oppressive. One of them tottered in her gait, and would have fallen frequently, but for the protecting hand of her companion. Both looked dreadfully frightened.

"What is the matter?" asked the writer.

No answer, but more sobs.

"Where are you going, children?"

"Home!" sobbed the stronger of the pair.

"Where is your home?"

"Don't know!" And at this sad confession the babies cried as if their little hearts would break.

"Where have you been?"

"Don't know."

"Where do you live?"

"Don't know."

"What is your name?"

One of the two uttered a sound which resembled Quin; but even if the word had been distinctly uttered the mere name Quin would have afforded but little information, the family of Quins being large, as every one knows, and there being unhappily no law obliging all the Quins to get into the Directory.

By this time the writer, who is a dull person and slow of comprehension, had made up his mind that these were two LOST CHILDREN—not precisely babes in the wood, but very little better off than those famous characters in juvenile history.

By this time, too, there had gathered round the group several personages of both sexes; some impelled by curiosity and sympathy for the crying infants, but others evidently viewing the writer's commerce with the children with a suspicious eye, and mutely but emphatically charging him with being the cause of their sorrow. These latter persons were naturally confirmed in their antipathy to the writer by the circumstance that he wore an eye-glass, which offending instrument attracted many hostile glances and even severe remarks.

Happily by this time the party thus composed stood nearly opposite the Station-house; toward which haven of refuge the writer, conscious of virtuous intents, incontinently proceeded with a baby under each arm.

The Captain heard the story with official composure, and simply replying "All right!" ushered the lost children into an inner room, where they rested their weary little hot feet, and eagerly drank a glass of water. The Captain is a busy man, and does not waste words. His decided "All right!" closed the subject so far as the writer was concerned.

But a small entry having been made in a sort of day-book to the effect that "two lost children were brought in by a citizen at 12.10 P.M.," the police telegraph was brought into requisition, and at 12.15 P.M. every police-station throughout this great city knew that two little children, whose age and appearance were briefly described, were awaiting recognition at the police head-quarters in Beekman Street.

At 12.20 P.M. the intelligence was conveyed to the mother, who was over a mile away, and whose state of mind can be more easily imagined than described.

At 12.30 P.M. they were in her arms.

The little creatures had wandered a mile away from home. But for the police telegraph and the admirable system at present adopted, who knows whether their mother would ever have seen them again?

It is not generally known that scores of children are lost every day, and returned to their parents by the aid of the police. On holidays, when fathers and mothers sometimes forget to watch the younger members of their families, there have been as many as a hundred children "awaiting recognition" at the various city station-houses. The rule is, that all "lost children" are kept at the station-houses till eight or nine at night, in the hope that their relatives will claim them; each station being apprised by telegraph of the foundlings in custody at all the others. If by 8 or 9 P.M. they are still unclaimed, they are sent to the alms-house. But the working of the system is now so well understood that a mother no sooner misses a child than she hastens to the nearest station, and waits for news, which almost always arrives before the close of the day.

MRS. EATON AND GENERAL JACKSON.

The recent marriage of Mrs. Margaret L. Eaton, wife of General John H. Eaton, Secretary of War under President Jackson, with Señor St. Antonio Buehignani, a dancing-master, nearly forty years the lady's junior, suggests some queer reminiscences, which, but for this just brought about and happy conjunction, might have been consigned to oblivion. It is well known that at the time General Jackson assumed the duties of Chief Magistrate he was intensely suffering from the slanders that his political opponents had heaped upon his wife, whose memory, even to the last moment of his life, he cherished with the liveliest affection. Mrs. Eaton, who had been previously married to a purser in the navy named Timberlake, was unhappy in having severe remarks made upon her conduct, no doubt entirely without foundation. While laboring under this disadvantage she came in contact with "Old Hickory," and had tact enough to engage his active sympathies. Through her influence (and her husband's admitted abilities) General Eaton was appointed to a place in the Cabinet, and the lady became soon after a sort of semi-official lady of the White House. Her influence finally became supreme; and, of course, created a host of enemies. The old General became her partisan, and he went so far as to make it a "party measure" that Mrs. Eaton should receive the most marked attention from all who came to the White House, and more especially from those who were dependent on him for office. As a general thing the wives of the members of the Cabinet, who were especially expected to treat Mrs. Eaton with attention, performed their allotted task with apparent sincerity at least, but Mrs. Calhoun would not and did not conform to the "usage;" and from this little incident arose circumstances which finally broke up the General's Cabinet, drove Mr. Calhoun into the Opposition, and absolutely changed the political character of the Democratic party. The old General, after he retired to the Hermitage, once remarked that he found beating the British at New Orleans a much easier task than trying to make ladies agree who had determined they would quarrel; and he concluded this very natural criticism with the illustration that a child could take a horse to water, but that a whole regiment of men could not make the horse drink. The story, however, which we desire to relate, connected with the "old General" and Mrs. Eaton, will be read we believe with interest, it is so characteristic of the energy and promptness of the old hero.

In the height of Mrs. Eaton's White House popularity the attacks made upon her brought about a severe sickness, and she was supposed finally to be in a critical state. In the midst of this peril one of the servants rushed into the General's sitting-room, and, with considerable excitement, announced to him "that unless Mrs. Eaton could instantly have some warm bricks to apply to her feet she might possibly die." The General, who was at the moment sitting with his feet over the fire-place, enjoying at the same time a corn-cob pipe and a hickory fire, jumped upon his feet, and with tones of terrible energy commanded the servant to bring him an axe. The order was instantly obeyed; when, raising the weapon over his head, by three or four well-directed blows he sent the red-hot bricks in the jambs of the fire-place whirling on the hearth. This accomplished, he ordered the servant—who had gazed on the whole proceeding with undisguised alarm—"*to take the hot bricks up to Mrs. Eaton's room*, and then see that a mason was sent for to mend the chimney-back!" The servant retreated, bearing the desired bricks, and the old General quietly resumed his pipe, the grim expression called forth by his unexpected exercise gradually fading away under the influence of the curling smoke. It is no wonder that a man who thus stood up to those he called his friends, and who knew so well how to serve them, should have been the popular idol of the people.

THE LOUNGER.

THE GUILTY PUBLIC.

It is a part of the hard duty of those of us who are "gentlemen of the press" to belabor the Public incessantly. For the Public is the most impracticable of monsters. The Public is but another name for Whim. The Public goes and comes, likes and dislikes, without the slightest regard to expectation or propriety, or the abstract claims of the objects that appeal to it. The Public buys every morning the delicate sarcasm, the withering objurgation, the serious argument and reproach which we gentlemen of the press shower upon it. The Public buys it cheerfully; and if the abuse be spicy, it reads it before passing on to the next paragraph. The Public is the John Bull of *Punch*—greatly amused by its own ridiculous likeness.

And we gentlemen of the press take the shortcomings of the Public so deeply to heart! 'Tis touching!

The last outrage for which we have to take out our bludgeons of satire and reproach, and proceed to thwack the universal offender, is operatic in its nature. In truth, the offense often is operatic. It is the melancholy duty of us gentlemen of the press who are admitted to the opera for nothing constantly to rebuke the absence of those who must pay eight or twelve shillings to enjoy the same privilege.

In the present case, for instance, it is in vain that it is the height of June—it is nothing that the heat is wilting—it is of no account that there has been a great deal of opera: why didn't the Public go to hear Madame la Comtesse?

Consider the object for which she sang. It was a noble charity. It was a charity which appeals so strongly to general sympathy, of so radical and Christian a benevolence that how many names of eminence were attached to the advertisement; and every one of those names, of course, stood for security against failure, every one of them represented at least a hundred tickets.

And the house was comparatively empty. The Public did not come. Instead of a benefit to the Woman's Hospital, it was a loss of eight hundred dollars to the manager of the opera.

There is one moral, at least, which we gentlemen of the press are compelled to draw—namely, that the names which may be attached to an advertisement of this kind—the names that earnestly solicit Dr. Doldrum to repeat his discourse upon Fossil Humbugs—the names that commend a special theatrical or musical performance in aid of some charity or mission, stand, first, for those who wished to get rid of an annoying application—second, for those who signed because others of repute signed—third, for those who wished to associate themselves with some literary, scientific, or charitable movement, without knowing or caring any thing about it—and, fourth, for those who will not go to the lecture, concert, or opera; nor take tickets to sell to their friends; nor mention the matter; nor in any way further the object.

Moral number two is that the Public has discovered all this, and carefully abstains from all performances so advertised.

IN RE TROWSERS.

The Lounger spoke in the spring, soon after its arrival, of Powers's colossal bronze statue of Daniel Webster purchased by a hundred Boston gentlemen. The first one was lost at sea. The second arrived, and has been exposed to public animadversion, since the middle of February last, in the vestibule of the Atheneum Gallery in Boston. Public opinion has condemned it without distinction of party. Even the committee of one hundred, who were all friends of Mr. Webster, can not agree that they are pleased with the work; and at a late meeting to consider whether the statue should be erected within the State House grounds, as the Legislature had allowed, it was resolved that it should not be so erected.

The eloquent author of the Mount Vernon Papers protested against this action. He made an interesting speech, giving details of the personal appearance of Mr. Webster at various times, quoting letters from his friends, from Mr. Ames, who had painted him, from Mr. Fletcher Webster, his son, and finally appealed to his own long and personal acquaintance with Mr. Webster, to prove that the statue was a good likeness.

The *fasces* upon which the hand is resting, he did not defend. But he stood by the body itself, and the bronze trowsers, which have been compared to every thing under heaven but human garments, as they are known to experience, the speaker defended by appealing to the appearance of his own trowsers in a full length photograph made of him by Mr. Brady, of New York, in which the inexpressibles, although they had been worn for several weeks, were not recognized by members of his family who had been constantly in their presence.

Even this was not enough for the committee, and in fact the argument is a little halting; for the object of a memorial statue or picture is to represent persons and things as they looked. If, then, the photographic trowsers do not appear to the spectator as the garments appeared in nature, nature can not justly be reproved. The average Bostonian of the nineteenth century is certainly competent to decide what does or does not resemble the human trowser. If a certain fabrication in bronze does not present that appearance, how is it made more like by the suggestion that certain other trowsers in a photograph are not recognized by their most familiar friends?

The argument was audacious, but it was not satisfactory. The committee declined to take the view of the trowsers urged by their president, who thereupon resigned.

Now the head of this statue is a reproduction of Powers's celebrated bust of Webster, with which nobody has ever quarreled. The difficulty lies in the trowsers. Might it not be surmounted by ordering a new pair?

OF HOOPS AND MANNERS.

The Lounger calls attention to the following communication:

"Mr. Blushly presents his compliments to the Lounger, and begs to inform him that on Tuesday last, as he was coming down Broadway, he called an omnibus, which seemed to him, as it approached, to contain several ladies. Judge how disappointed he was, upon entering, to discover that he had made a serious mistake. He found that there were four persons upon each seat, but that all the seats were occupied either by persons or skirts. The appearance of ladies was a delusion. Looking about for a moment, and expecting some skirt to move, he was again disappointed, for they remained firmly planted, while the persons gazed out of the window. Mr. Blushly could not seat himself upon the skirts; to raise them so as to secure a seat upon the bench was difficult and awkward; and while he stood hesitating, a sudden lurch of the omnibus threw him head-first against one of the skirts, sadly disarranging it; upon which the lady who sat nearest to it, and who seemed to be peculiarly attached to it, scowled, and said, audibly, 'What ill manners!' Mr. Blushly presents his compliments to the Lounger, and begs to know *whose* manners were ill?"

THE POPE AS KING.

The present war involves the settlement of the Italian question at large; and a very knotty point of that question is the condition of the Roman States, of which the Pope is king. M. Edmond About, the author of "Tolla," and of other works, has just published a book, called "The Roman Question," which was commenced in a Paris paper as a *feuilleton*; stopped at the request of the Pope's nuncio in Paris; collected, condensed, and issued as a book in Brussels; circulated and read in Paris until it was seized and prohibited; and now sought and read with a hundred-fold avidity.

This persecution convicts the work of telling the truth. Governments do not criminally pursue evident slanders and falsehoods.

A correspondent of the *Tribune* describes the scope of the work, and calls it the finest combination of wit and good sense in political writing since Sydney Smith. M. About is a good Catholic, a loyal subject of Louis Napoleon, and a hater of socialism; but he can not praise the condition of the Papal States. He begins by a paragraph of exquisite satire:

"The Roman Catholic Church, which I respect sincerely, is composed of 139,000,000 individuals, without counting the little Mortara. It is governed by seventy cardinals, or princes of the Church, in memory of the twelve apostles. The cardinals are appointed by the Pope; the Pope is appointed by the cardinals. From the moment of his election he becomes infallible, and the temporal ruler of 3,124,668 human beings who complain bitterly."

Proceeding to inquire into the reasons of this complaint, he finds that there are four violent deaths per day, or in that proportion, in the Papal States; that an assassin is safe if he can reach a church, a hospital, or a convent—unless his crime have been committed upon a priest or religious person of any kind, in which case the law contrives to catch him. In seven years there have been 60 capital executions at Ancona, and 180 at Bologna.

M. About's statements, in respect of the general condition of the country, will be confirmed by the experience of every traveler who remembers the universal shiftlessness, ignorance, degradation, and clerical vagabondage which prevail in that region. The people are indolent by nature, says About, with sly sarcasm, although 21,415 monks exhort them to labor. There is this number of monks alone. In the year 1845 the number of secular clergy was estimated at 35,000, and nuns at 8000. This heavy proportion of clergy is to about three millions of people. The United States have about 28,000,000 of people, and 35,000 or 40,000 regular clergymen.

M. About gives also a sketch of the present papal Secretary of State, Antonelli, of whom there was a portrait in the *Weekly* some time since. He is the real sovereign of the States, and his rule is hard and despotic.

This political condition of the Roman States will unquestionably be carefully considered when the settlement of the great question is made. As a temporal ruler, although spiritually infallible, the Roman Church, of course, regards the Pope as it would any other king. It is not held that the Pope has an ear for music, or a fine taste in colors, because he is spiritually infallible; nor is it necessary to suppose him able to govern a temporal kingdom. The present condition of the Roman States convicts the papal-king of incapacity. The congress to settle the war can hardly fail to relieve him of duties that he can not perform. It certainly ought not.

TWEEDLE DUM AND TWEEDLE DEE.

In May we had our anniversaries, O happy time! Eloquence was as copious as Croton water. Charity as abundant as strawberries in January. Among the rest there was the Woman's Rights Convention, of which there has been a picture in the *Weekly*. Several wise and witty, serious and heroic things were said there both by men and women. The audience took their part in the proceedings by shouting and hissing. They did not like it. Some men in the galleries, on the ground that the women were not well-behaved, did not strike them, but merely pelted them with insulting epithets. The women were saying that they thought they ought to have an equal chance with men in every direction in which they had capacity.

It is an argument upon which the Lounger does not here enter.

We gentlemen of the press criticised the convention variously. Some of us sneered, some of us laughed lightly, some of us commented seriously, some of us said that if hens wanted to crow they might crow.

This was tweedle dum.

Our reports and comments were hardly printed when we read in the foreign news that the Empress Eugenie—late Signorina Montijo—had made a speech in her cabinet council, and soon after that the Queen Victoria had opened Parliament with her usual speech.*

In vain has an expectant Lounger looked to see choice epithets tossed at these two women. In vain has he waited to hear that the British cow had been lowing and the Gallic hen crowing. It is not stated that the peers of France snickered aloud as the Empress spoke, nor that the gentlemen of England thought their Queen indecent for speaking in public. We gentlemen of the press have recorded the facts with unction, and with all the picturesque details, among our interesting foreign news—not a shrug of indecency, not a hint of hens.

Dear tweedle dee.

SHAKING HANDS.

Mr. Smith O'Brien, before he left us, told us that we shook hands too much. Major Jack Downing relates that during those progresses of General Jackson, in one of which Harvard University, with a just sense of his scholarship and of its own self-respect, made him a Doctor of Laws—he, the Major, often turned to and shook hands vigorously for the General with his fellow-citizens.

It is undoubtedly true. We do shake hands a good deal, and we are nervous because Englishmen laugh at us for it. But in Germany and Italy people kiss also! Men at meeting and parting mingle their mustaches. What is to be done? Dr. O'Brien indicated the existence of the disease but not the remedy.

And after all, is it so bad? If a great man—General Walker, or Mohammed Pasha—or Mr. O'Brien, himself—have a reception in the Governor's room, it must be tiresome to shake five or six thousand hands. But that is exceptional, if you think of it. Most of us hardly have more than six or eight hands to shake during the day, and as we have several hours to do it in, as it is a sign of good feeling, as a man is apt to behave better with one with whom he has crossed palms, as it establishes a kind of magnetism among us, suppose that, now Mr. O'Brien has gone, we continue to shake hands.

THOUGHTS UPON HUMBUG.

Among the pretty sights at an opera is the tossing of flowers upon the stage for the singers. In Italy a dove is sometimes loosed from the upper boxes and flutters across the house to the hand of the Prima Donna, bearing a song of felicitation, not in his mouth, but under his wing. The house is simultaneously showered with printed copies of the song. Peradventure, the cantatrice is called out fifteen times—as Grisi was in the palmy days of the "Puritani" in Paris—or the composer thirty times—as Verdi was in Florence. Haply a golden crown is presented, or jewels in some dainty guise; but in any event, all is applause, enthusiasm, and joy.

The dove dodge—if so irreverent a term may be used—was produced in this country at the début of Parodi in "Norma" at the Astor Place opera-house—there was some semblance of a crown, too, at the Academy, for Madame La Grange, we believe, upon occasion of her fifteenth last appearance and farewell to America. But the offering of flowers is incessant, so incessant that a Lounger has been sometimes tempted to observe whence they came.

Some evening at the Academy—say an evening when Piccolomini is going to sing Zerlina for the last time—as you sit comfortably in the parquette, look at the various gentlemen in colored clothes, having a general resemblance to scene-shifters, who hardly look as if they could often afford the inevitable dollar, and who uniformly stand in the side aisles near the stage. When Zerlina is about coming on in the fête-scene, mark your men, and see how they seem to be preparing for action. Watch them carefully, and as she bounds on in light-hearted joy and pretty Swiss skirt, if the applause, to which they forcibly contribute, is really hearty, see how a few of them let fly bouquets—see how sweetly the Prima Donna smiles—how archly she bows—and, when her song is over, how the flowers fall again, and from the same hands.

And how they continue to fall through the opera.

And how they are the same flowers!

It all belongs to the mystery of management—to the system of advertising which heralds the stars so eloquently that the wax tapers, when they appear, are a profound disappointment. The enthusiasm is provided by the management. The flowers are reckoned in the expenses. They are a part of the *corps*. So many men upon the stage to sing—so many in the house to be enthusiastic and fling flowers.

The good old belabored and behumbugged Public sits sparsely about the house—knows all about it—has paid its dollar—is a little bored—and takes up the paper in the morning to see itself reproached for not supporting the Opera.

Humbug is no more necessary at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, in the Opera House, than it is at the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, in Stewart's. When managers have learned that, they will not issue cards and appeals to the unfortunate Public. The Public has always the same answer to all such cards: "You asked me to a dish of young green peas, and they were old, hard, and mealy. Next time when you offer fresh eggs, I shall know they are addled."

THE LOUNGER'S LETTER-BOX.

—A correspondent, who desires that neither his initials nor the place of his residence shall be published, sends the Lounger's old friend the Easy Chair of *Harper's Magazine*, who has handed it to the Lounger that the author may sooner hear from it, a little poem, of which he says, and may every correspondent of every periodical have the same good sense, "If after two numbers I do not see my offering in print, I shall conclude that your good judgment is against it, and that will content me."

—A Reader, Pomona, Tennessee, is sorry that the Lounger should put "infamous stuff" in his columns. But then a reader should consider how difficult it is to obtain "poets better quallified," as he calls some imaginary singers. Wouldn't one I sufficiently qualify qualified with linguals, in Pomona, Tennessee?

—Vox Populi, Salem, Massachusetts, may be very sure that whenever any author is a person of sufficient general interest to justify a portrait and a biography, it will not fail to appear in the pictorial history of the times which *Harper's Weekly* is intended to be.

—G. S. H., Dubuque, Iowa. Mrs. Caroline Norton is the author of "Allan Percy," and Clarence Cook of "Ottilia," in *Putnam* for February, 1855.

—Philo, Charleston, South Carolina. Gun-cotton is cotton chemically prepared so as to have an extraordinary explosive power. The patent was recorded in England in 1847, and it was then estimated that three parts of the best gun-cotton were equal in force to eight parts of Tower-proof gunpowder. It has been used in blasting, in England, and gives no smoke. It explodes at temperature of 350° to 400°.

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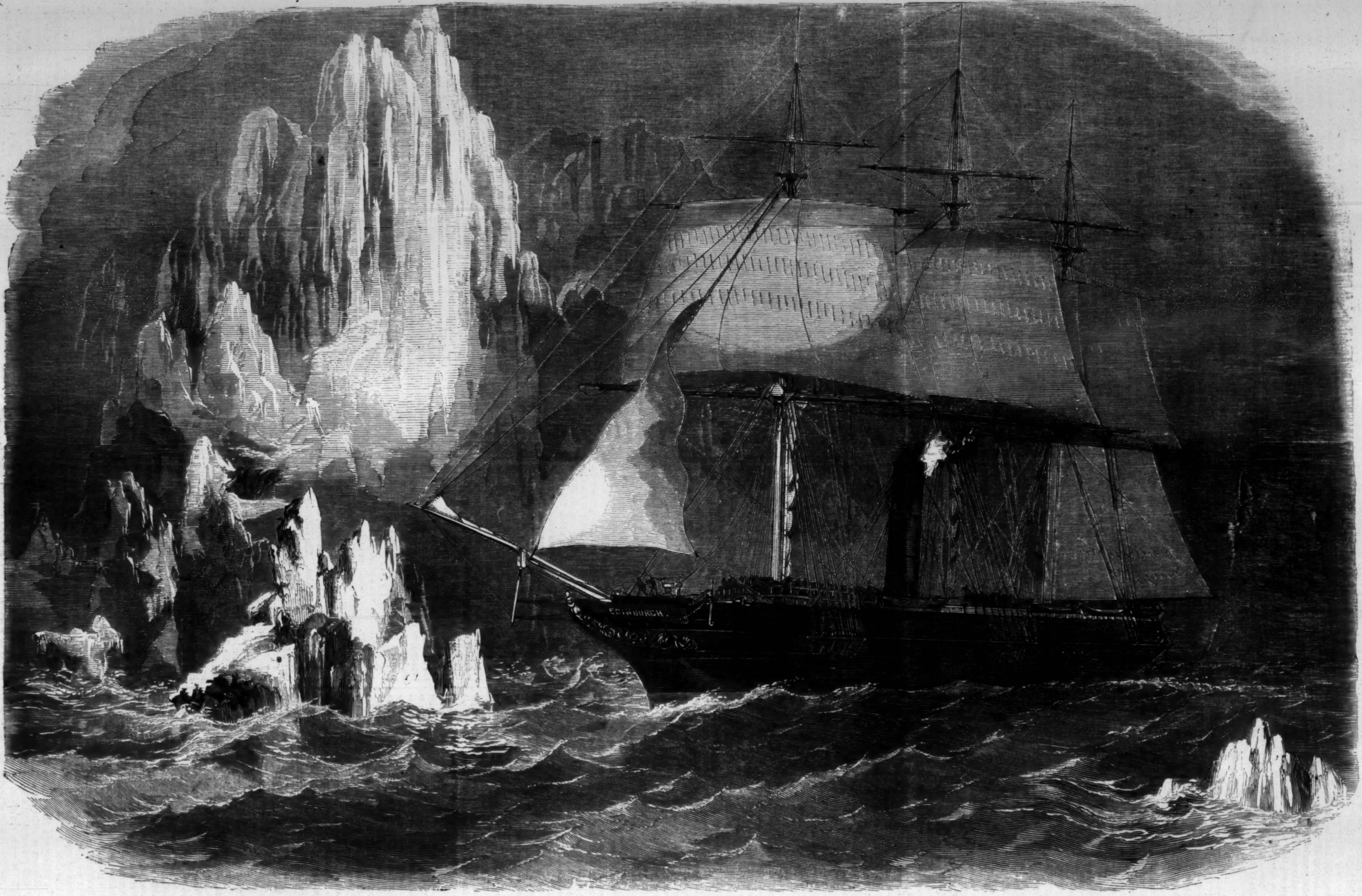
* She did it by commission this year: she usually does it in person.



COLLISION BETWEEN THE STEAMSHIP "EDINBURGH" AND AN ICEBERG, 180 MILES FROM NEWFOUNDLAND, ON JUNE 6, 1859.

ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMSHIP "EDINBURGH."

WE give on the preceding page an engraving of the collision of the steamship *Edinburgh* with an iceberg, which took place on June 6, 180 miles east of St. Johns, Newfoundland. The iceberg was first discovered directly ahead of the ship, being in lat. 47° 40′, long. 48° 20′. The helm was put hard aport, and she passed close alongside without touching the part above water, but struck under water a little abaft the port bow, and stove in one of her forward plates, through which the water rushed.

The engines were stopped and backed, but the ship had passed the iceberg before her way was stopped. The two foremost compartments filled almost immediately with water. The pumps were quickly set going, and sails and bedding lowered over into the boats. All the male passengers assisted the crew in working the pumps and bailing. There was a dense fog all day Monday and Monday night with rain—wind fresh, but sea smooth. At noon of Tuesday an observation was taken for the first time for three days, and the ship was found to be in lat. 47° 41′ N., long. 50° 29′ W.—distance from St. Johns 47 miles.

At — she made the land, all hands working vigorously at the pumps, and bailing, to keep the ship from sinking. The water was only kept from flowing into the other compartments by their incessant labor.

The following letter is written by Mrs. Adelia B. Pollock to her husband in this city. Mrs. Pollock was a passenger on the *Edinburgh*, and was out on the deck at the time of the accident:

"ST. JOHNS, N. F., *June* 7, 1859.

"MY DEAR HUSBAND,—Since I parted from you I have passed through fearful peril, and never expected to see land again. We were steaming along last Monday at the rate of eleven miles an hour, through a dense fog. At about twenty minutes past eleven I was on deck, looking over the stern of the vessel, and had just remarked to a fellow-passenger that the air seemed unusually cold and chilly. At that moment I turned around and a fearful scene met my view. Mountains of ice lay on the lee-side of the steamer. It was so foggy that we could not see fifty feet around us; and though the vessel's head was immediately turned we passed so near the iceberg that I could have thrown an apple upon it. We said that it was a wonderfully narrow escape, and thought that we were safe, when suddenly there was a cry "The ship is sinking!" All the boats, eight in number, were cut loose, and furnished with blankets and provisions. We were about one hundred and seventy miles from land at the time. The passengers and crew were distributed in watches of two hours each, and thus worked for thirty hours. The women also worked, and among others I helped at the pumps for three hours without stopping. The captain was as calm as if nothing was the matter. We passed a dreadful night. We were all numbered for the boats, to which we were liable at any hour to be forced to enter. The rain came down in torrents, and the ship labored so we thought every moment that she would sink. At last, to our great relief, the day dawned, and at about eleven o'clock the fog, which had all the time continued, cleared away. The captain then took an observation, and found we were about forty-seven miles from land. There were no more icebergs visible. About four o'clock our signals for a pilot were answered, and at seven o'clock we reached St. Johns."

A TALE OF TWO CITIES.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

In Three Books.—Splendidly Illustrated.

☞ Printed from early Proof-sheets, for which Messrs. Harper & Brothers pay the Author

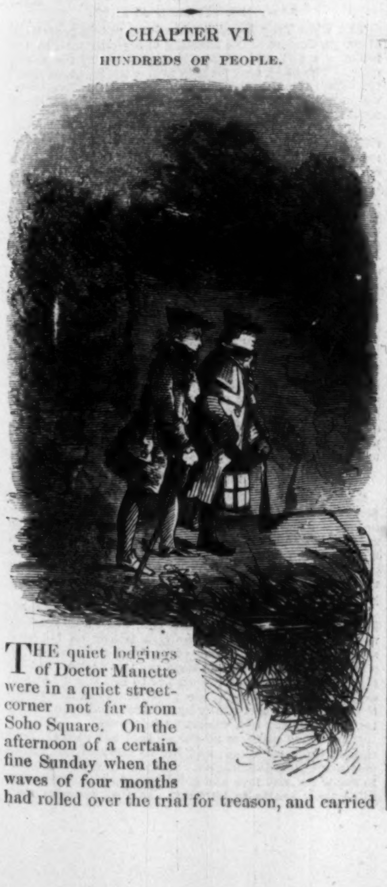
FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

BOOK II.

THE GOLDEN THREAD.

CHAPTER VI.

HUNDREDS OF PEOPLE.



THE quiet lodgings of Doctor Manette were in a quiet street-corner not far from Soho Square. On the afternoon of a certain fine Sunday when the waves of four months had rolled over the trial for treason, and carried it, as to the public interest and memory, far out to sea, Mr. Jarvis Lorry walked along the sunny streets from Clerkenwell where he lived, on his way to dine with the Doctor. After several relapses into business absorption, Mr. Lorry had become the Doctor's friend, and the quiet street-corner was the sunny part of his life.

On this certain fine Sunday Mr. Lorry walked toward Soho, early in the afternoon, for three reasons of habit. Firstly, because on fine Sundays he often walked out before dinner with the Doctor and Lucie; secondly, because on unfavorable Sundays he was accustomed to be with them as the family friend, talking, reading, looking out of window, and generally getting through the day; thirdly, because he happened to have his own little shrewd doubts to solve, and knew how the ways of the Doctor's household pointed to that time as a likely time for solving them.

A quainter corner than the corner where the Doctor lived was not to be found in London. There was no way through it, and the front windows of the Doctor's lodgings commanded a pleasant little vista of street that had a congenial air of retirement on it. There were few buildings then north of the Oxford road, and forest trees flourished, and wild flowers grew, and the hawthorn blossomed, in the now vanished fields. As a consequence, country airs circulated in Soho with vigorous freedom, instead of languishing into the parish like stray paupers without a settlement; and there was many a good south wall, not far off, on which the peaches ripened in their season.

The summer light struck into the corner brilliantly in the earlier part of the day; but when the streets grew hot the corner was in shadow, though not in shadow so remote but that you could see beyond it into a glare of brightness. It was a cool spot, staid but cheerful, a wonderful spot for echoes, and a very harbor from the raging streets.

There ought to have been a tranquil bark in such an anchorage, and there was. The Doctor occupied two floors of a large still house, where several callings purported to be pursued by day, but whereof little was audible any day, and which was shunned by all of them at night. In a building at the back, attainable by a court-yard where a plane-tree rustled its green leaves, church-organs claimed to be made, and silver to be chased, and likewise gold to be beaten by some mysterious giant who had a golden arm starting out of the wall of the front hall—as if he had beaten himself precious, and menaced a similar conversion of all visitors. Very little of these trades, or of a lonely lodger rumored to live up stairs, or of a dim coach-trimming maker asserted to have a counting-house below, was ever heard or seen. Occasionally a stray workman putting his coat on traversed the hall, or a stranger peered about there, or a distant clink was heard across the court-yard, or a thump from the golden giant. These, however, were only the exceptions required to prove the rule that the sparrows in the plane-tree behind the house, and the echoes in the corner before it, had their own way from Sunday morning unto Saturday night.

Doctor Manette received such patients here as his old reputation, and its revival in the floating whispers of his story, brought him. His scientific knowledge, and his vigilance and skill in conducting ingenious experiments, brought him otherwise into moderate request, and he earned as much as he wanted.

These things were within Mr. Jarvis Lorry's knowledge, thoughts, and notice, when he rang the door-bell of the tranquil house in the corner on the fine Sunday afternoon.

"Doctor Manette at home?"

Expected home.

"Miss Lucie at home?"

Expected home.

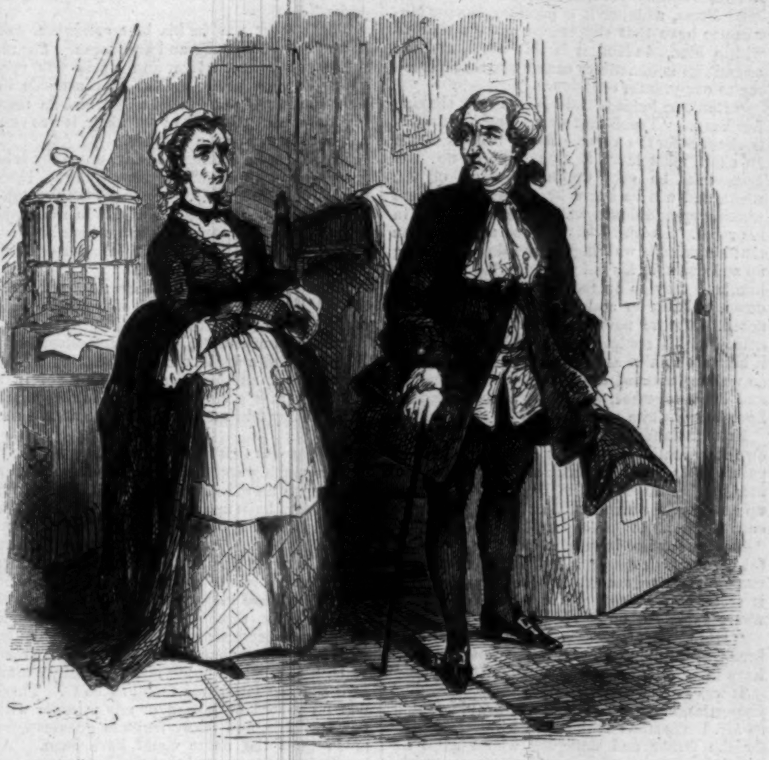
"Miss Pross at home?"

Possibly at home, but of a certainty impossible for handmaid to anticipate intentions of Miss Pross as to admission or denial of the fact.

"As I am at home myself," said Mr. Lorry, "I'll go up stairs."

Although the Doctor's daughter had known nothing of the country of her birth, she appeared to have innately derived from it that ability to make much of little means, which is one of its most useful and most agreeable characteristics. Simple as the furniture was, it was set off by so many little adornments, of no value but for their taste and fancy, that its effect was delightful. The disposition of every thing in the rooms, from the largest object to the least; the arrangement of colors, the elegant variety and contrast obtained by thrift in trifles, by delicate hands, clear eyes, and good sense, were at once so pleasant in themselves, and so expressive of their originator, that, as Mr. Lorry stood looking about him, the very chairs and tables seemed to ask him, with something of that peculiar expression which he knew so well by this time, whether he approved?

There were three rooms on a floor, and the doors by which they communicated being put open that the air might pass freely through them all, Mr. Lorry, smilingly observant of that fanciful resemblance which he detected all around him, walked from one to another. The first was the best room, and in it were Lucie's birds, and flowers, and books, and desk, and work-table, and box of water-colors; the second was the Doctor's consulting-room, used also as the dining-room; the third, changingly speckled by the rustle of the plane-tree in the yard, was the Doctor's bedroom—and there, in a corner, stood the disused shoemaker's bench and tray of tools, much as it had stood on the fifth floor of the dismal house by the wine-shop, in the suburb of Saint Antoine in Paris.



MISS PROSS AND MR. LORRY.

"I wonder," said Mr. Lorry, pausing in his looking about, "that he keeps that reminder of his sufferings by him!"

"And why wonder at that?" was the abrupt inquiry that made him start.

It proceeded from Miss Pross, the wild red woman, strong of hand, whose acquaintance he had first made at the Royal George Hotel at Dover, and had since improved.

"I should have thought—" Mr. Lorry began.

"Pooh! You'd have thought!" said Miss Pross; and Mr. Lorry left off.

"How do you do?" inquired that lady then—sharply, and yet as if to express that she bore him no malice.

"I am pretty well, I thank you," answered Mr. Lorry, with meekness, "how are you?"

"Nothing to boast of," said Miss Pross.

"Indeed?"

"Ah! indeed!" said Miss Pross. "I am very much put out about my Ladybird."

"Indeed?"

"For gracious sake say something else besides 'indeed,' or you'll fidget me to death," said Miss Pross, whose character (dissociated from stature) was shortness.

"Really, then?" said Mr. Lorry as an amendment.

"Really is bad enough," returned Miss Pross, "but better. Yes, I am very much put out."

"May I ask the cause?"

"I don't want dozens of people who are not at all worthy of Ladybird to come here looking after her," said Miss Pross.

"*Do* dozens come for that purpose?"

"Hundreds," said Miss Pross.

It was characteristic of this lady (as of some other people before her time and since) that whenever her original proposition was questioned she exaggerated it.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Lorry, as the safest remark he could think of.

"I have lived with the darling—or the darling has lived with me, and paid me for it; which she certainly should never have done, you may take your affidavit, if I could have afforded to keep either myself or her for nothing—since she was ten years old. And it's really very hard," said Miss Pross.

Not seeing with precision what was very hard, Mr. Lorry shook his head; using that important part of himself as a sort of fairy cloak that would fit any thing.

"All sorts of people who are not in the least degree worthy of the pet are always turning up," said Miss Pross. "When you began it—"

"*I* began it, Miss Pross?"

"Didn't you? Who brought her father to life?"

"Oh! If *that* was beginning it—" said Mr. Lorry.

"It wasn't ending it, I suppose? I say when you began it, it was hard enough; not that I have any fault to find with Doctor Manette, except that he is not worthy of such a daughter, which is no imputation on him, for it was not to be expected that any body should be, under any circumstances. But it really is doubly and trebly hard to have crowds and multitudes of people turning up after him (I could have forgiven him) to take Ladybird's affections away from me."

Mr. Lorry knew Miss Pross to be very jealous, but he also knew her by this time to be, beneath the surface of her eccentricity, one of those unselfish creatures—found only among women—who will, for pure love and admiration, bind themselves willing slaves, to youth when they have lost it, to beauty that they never had, to accomplishments that they were never fortunate enough to gain, to bright hopes that never shone upon their own sombre lives. He knew enough of the world to know that there is nothing in it better than the faithful service of the heart; so rendered and so free from any mercenary taint, he had such an exalted respect for it, that, in the retributive arrangements made by his own mind—we all make such arrangements, more or less—he stationed Miss Pross much nearer to the lower Angels than many ladies immeasurably better got up both by Nature and Art, who had balances at Tellson's.

"There never was, nor will be, but one man worthy of Ladybird," said Miss Pross; "and that was my brother Solomon, if he hadn't made a mistake in life."

Here again: Mr. Lorry's inquiries into Miss Pross's personal history had established the fact that her brother Solomon was a heartless scoundrel who had stripped her of every thing she possessed, as a stake to speculate with, and had abandoned her in her poverty for evermore, with no touch of compunction. Miss Pross's fidelity of belief in Solomon (deducting a mere trifle for this slight mistake) was quite a serious matter with Mr. Lorry, and had its weight in his good opinion of her.

"As we happen to be alone for the moment, and are both people of business," he said, when they had got back to the drawing-room, and had sat down there in friendly relations, "let me ask you—does the Doctor in talking with Lucie, never refer to the shoemaking time yet?"

"Never."

"And yet keeps that bench and those tools beside him?"

"Ah!" returned Miss Pross, shaking her head. "But I don't say he don't refer to it within himself."

"Do you believe that he thinks of it much?"

"I do," said Miss Pross.

"Do you imagine—" Mr. Lorry had begun, when Miss Pross took him up short with—

"Never imagine any thing. Have no imagination at all."

"I stand corrected. Do you suppose—you go so far as to suppose, sometimes?"

"Now and then," said Miss Pross.

"Do you suppose," Mr. Lorry went on, with a laughing twinkle in his bright eye as it looked kindly at her, "that Doctor Manette has any theory of his own, preserved through all those years, relative to the cause of his being so oppressed; perhaps even to the name of his oppressor?"

"I don't suppose any thing about it but what Ladybird tells me."

"And that is—?"

"That she thinks he has."

"Now don't be angry at my asking all these questions; because I am a mere dull man of business, and you are a woman of business."

"Dull?" Miss Pross inquired, with placidity.

Rather wishing his modest adjective away, Mr. Lorry replied, "No, no, no. Surely not. To return to business: Is it not remarkable that Doctor Manette, unquestionably innocent of any crime as we are well assured he is, should never touch upon that question? I will not say with me, though he had business relations with me many years ago, and we are now intimate; I will say with the fair daughter to whom he is so devotedly attached, and who is so devotedly attached to him? Believe me, Miss Pross, I don't approach the topic with you out of curiosity, but out of zealous interest."

"Well! To the best of my understanding, and bad's the best you'll tell me," said Miss Pross, softened by the tone of the apology, "he is afraid of the whole subject."

"Afraid?"

"It's plain enough, I should think, why he may be. It's a dreadful remembrance. Besides that, his loss of himself grew out of it. Not knowing how he lost himself, or how he recovered himself, he may never feel certain of not losing himself again. That alone wouldn't make the subject pleasant, I should think."

It was a profounder remark than Mr. Lorry had looked for. "True," said he, "and fearful to reflect upon. Yet a doubt lurks in my mind, Miss Pross, whether it is good for Doctor Manette to have that suppression always shut up within him. Indeed it is this doubt, and the uneasiness it sometimes causes me, that has led me to our present confidence."

"Can't be helped," said Miss Pross, shaking her head. "Touch that string, and he instantly changes for the worse. Better leave it alone. In short, must leave it alone, like or no like. Sometimes he gets up in the dead of the night, and will be heard by us overhead there walking up and down, walking up and down, in his room. Ladybird has learned to know then that his mind is walking up and down, walking up and down, in his old prison. She hurries to him, and they go on together, walking up and down, walking up and down, until he is composed. But he never says a word of the true reason of his restlessness to her, and she finds it best not to hint at it to him. In silence they go walking up and down together, walking up and down together, till her love and company have brought him to himself."

Notwithstanding Miss Pross's denial of her own imagination, there was a perception of the pain of being monotonously haunted by one sad idea, in her repetition of the phrase, walking up and down, which testified to her possessing such a thing.

The corner has been mentioned as a wonderful corner for echoes; it had begun to echo so resoundingly to the tread of coming feet that it seemed as though the very mention of that weary pacing to and fro had set it going.

"Here they are!" said Miss Pross, rising to break up the conference; "and now we shall have hundreds of people pretty soon!"

It was such a curious corner in its acoustical properties, such a peculiar Ear of a place, that as Mr. Lorry stood at the open window, looking for the father and daughter whose steps he heard, he fancied they would never approach. Not only would the echoes die away, as though the steps had gone, but echoes of other steps that never came would be heard in their stead, and would die away for good when they seemed close at hand. However, father and daughter did at last appear, and Miss Pross was ready at the street door to receive them.

Miss Pross was a pleasant sight, albeit wild, and red, and grim, taking off her darling's bonnet when she came up stairs, and touching it up with the ends of her handkerchief, and blowing the dust off it, and folding her mantle ready for laying by, and smoothing her rich hair with as much pride as she could possibly have taken in her own hair if she had been the vainest and handsomest of women. Her darling was a pleasant sight too, embracing her and thanking her, and protesting against her taking so much trouble for her—which last she only dared to do playfully, or Miss Pross, sorely hurt, would have retired to her own chamber and cried. The Doctor was a pleasant sight too, looking on at them, and telling Miss Pross how she spoiled Lucie, in accents and with eyes that had as much spoiling in them as Miss Pross had, and would have had more if it were possible. Mr. Lorry was a pleasant sight too, beaming at all this in his little wig, and thanking his bachelor stars for having lighted him in his declining years to a Home. But no Hundreds of people came to see the sights, and Mr. Lorry looked in vain for the fulfillment of Miss Pross's prediction.

Dinner time, and still no Hundreds of people. In the arrangements of the little household Miss Pross took charge of the lower regions, and always acquitted herself marvelously. Her dinners, of a very modest quality, were so well cooked, and so well served, and so neat in their contrivances, half English and half French, that nothing could be better. Miss Pross's friendship being of the thoroughly practical kind, she had ravaged Soho and the adjacent provinces in search of impoverished French, who, tempted by shillings and half crowns, would impart culinary mysteries to her. From these decayed sons and daughters of Gaul she had acquired such wonderful arts that the woman and girl who formed the staff of domestics regarded her as quite a Sorceress, or Cinderella's Godmother, who would send out for a fowl, a rabbit, a vegetable or two from the garden, and change them into any thing she pleased.

On Sundays Miss Pross dined at the Doctor's table, but on other days persisted in taking her meals, at unknown periods, either in the lower regions, or in her own room on the second floor—a blue chamber, to which no one but her Ladybird ever gained admittance. On this occasion Miss Pross, responding to Ladybird's pleasant face and pleasant efforts to please her, unbent exceedingly; so the dinner was very pleasant too.

It was an oppressive day, and after dinner Lucie proposed that the wine should be carried out under the plane-tree, and they should sit there in the air. As every thing turned upon her and revolved about her, they went out under the plane-tree, and she carried the wine down for the special benefit of Mr. Lorry. She had installed herself some time before as Mr. Lorry's cup-bearer; and while they sat under the plane-tree, talking, she kept his glass replenished. Mysterious backs and ends of houses peeped at them as they talked, and the plane-tree whispered to them in its own way above their heads.

Still, the Hundreds of people did not present themselves. Mr. Darnay presented himself while they were sitting under the plane-tree, but he was only One.

Doctor Manette received him kindly, and so did Lucie. But Miss Pross suddenly became afflicted with a twitching in the head and body, and retired into the house. She was not unfrequently the victim of this disorder, and she called it, in familiar conversation, "a fit of the jerks."

The Doctor was in his best condition, and looked specially young and handsome. The resemblance between him and Lucie was very strong at such times, and as they sat side by side, she leaning on his shoulder, and he resting his arm on the back of her chair, it was very agreeable to trace the likeness.

He had been talking, all day, on many subjects and with unusual vivacity. "Pray, Doctor Manette," said Mr. Darnay, as they sat under the plane-tree—and he said it in the natural pursuit of the topic in hand, which happened to be the old buildings of London—"have you seen much of the Tower?"

"Lucie and I have been there; but only casually. We have seen enough of it to know that it teems with interest; little more."

"*I* have been there, as you remember," said Darnay, with a smile, though reddening a little angrily, "in another character, and not in a character that gives facilities for seeing much of it. They told me a curious thing when I was there."

"What was that?" Lucie asked.

"In making some alterations the workmen came upon an old dungeon which had been for many years built up and forgotten. Every stone of its inner wall was covered with inscriptions which had been carved by prisoners—dates, names, complaints, and prayers. Upon a corner stone in an angle of the wall one prisoner, who seemed to have gone to execution, had cut, as his last work, three letters. They were done with some very poor instrument, and hurriedly, with an unsteady hand. At first they were read as D. I. C.; but on being more carefully examined the last letter was found to be G. There was no record or legend of any prisoner with those initials, and many fruitless guesses were made what the name could have been. At length it was suggested that the letters were not initials, but the complete word DIG. The floor was examined very carefully under the inscription, and in the earth, beneath a stone, or tile, or some fragment of paving, were found the ashes of a paper, mingled with the ashes of a small leathern case or bag. What the unknown prisoner had written will never be read, but he had written something, and hidden it away to keep it from the jailer."

"My father!" exclaimed Lucie, "you are ill!"

He had suddenly started up, with his hand to his head. His manner and his look quite terrified them all.

"No, my dear, not ill. There are large drops of rain falling, and they made me start. We had better go in."

He recovered himself almost instantly. Rain was really falling in large drops, and he showed the back of his hand with rain-drops on it. But he said not a single word in reference to the discovery that had been told of, and as they went into the house the business eye of Mr. Lorry either detected, or fancied it detected, on his face as it turned toward Charles Darnay, the same singular look that had been upon it when it turned toward him in the passages of the Court-house.

He recovered himself so quickly, however, that Mr. Lorry had doubts of his business eye. The arm of the golden giant in the hall was not more steady than he was when he stopped under it to remark to them that he was not yet proof against slight surprises (if he ever would be), and that the rain had startled him.

Tea-time, and Miss Pross making tea, with another fit of the jerks upon her, and yet no Hundreds of people. Mr. Carton had lounged in, but he made only Two.

The night was so very sultry that, although they sat with doors and windows open, they were overpowered by heat. When the tea-table was done with they all moved to one of the windows, and looked out into the heavy twilight. Lucie sat by her father; Darnay sat beside her; Carton leaned against a window-curtain. The curtains were long and white, and some of the thunder-gusts that whirled into the corner caught them up to the ceiling, and waved them like spectral wings.

"The rain-drops are still falling, large, heavy, and few," said Doctor Manette. "It comes slowly."

"It comes surely," said Carton.

They spoke low, as people watching and waiting mostly do—as people in a dark room, watching and waiting for Lightning, always do.

There was a great hurry in the streets, of people speeding away to get shelter before the storm broke; the wonderful corner for echoes resounded with the echoes of footsteps coming and going, yet not a footstep was there.

"A multitude of people, and yet a solitude!" said Darnay, when they had listened for a while.

"Is it not impressive, Mr. Darnay?" asked Lucie. "Sometimes I have sat here of an evening until I have fancied—but even the shade of a foolish fancy makes me shudder to-night, when all is so black and solemn."

"Let us shudder too. We may know what it is?"

"It will seem nothing to you. Such whims are only impressive as we originate them, I think; they are not to be communicated. I have sometimes sat alone here of an evening, listening, until I have made the echoes out to be the echoes of all the footsteps that are coming by-and-by into our lives."

"There is a great crowd coming one day into our lives, if that be so," Sydney Carton struck in, in his moody way.

The footsteps were incessant, and the hurry of them became more and more rapid. The corner echoed and re-echoed with the tread of feet; some, as it seemed, under the windows; some, as it seemed, in the room; some coming, some going, some breaking off, some stopping altogether; all in the distant streets, and not one within sight.

"Are all these footsteps destined to come to all of us, Miss Manette, or are we to divide them among us?"

"I don't know, Mr. Darnay; I told you it was a foolish fancy, but you asked for it. When I have yielded myself to it, I have been alone, and then I have imagined them the footsteps of the people who are to come into my life, and my father's."

"I take them into mine!" said Carton. "*I* ask no questions and make no stipulations. There is a great crowd bearing down upon us, Miss Manette, and I see them!—by the Lightning." He added the last words, after there had been a vivid flash which had shown him lounging in the window.

"And I hear them!" he added again, after a peal of thunder. "Here they come, fast, fierce, and furious!"

It was the rush and roar of rain that he typified, and it stopped him, for no voice could be heard in it. A memorable storm of thunder and lightning broke with that sweep of water, and there was not a moment's interval in crash, and fire, and rain, until after the moon rose at midnight.

The great bell of Saint Paul's was striking One in the cleared air, when Mr. Lorry, escorted by Jerry, high-booted and bearing a lantern, set forth on his return-passage to Clerkenwell. There were solitary patches of road on the way between Soho and Clerkenwell, and Mr. Lorry, mindful of footpads, always retained Jerry for this service: though it was usually performed a good two hours earlier.

"What a night it has been! Almost a night, Jerry," said Mr. Lorry, "to bring the dead out of their graves."

"I never see the night myself, master—nor yet I don't expect to it what would do that," answered Jerry.

"Good-night, Mr. Carton," said the man of business—"Good-night, Mr. Darnay. Shall we ever see such a night again, together!"

Perhaps. Perhaps see the great crowd of people, with its rush and roar, bearing down upon them, too.

LITERARY.

ALFORD'S GREEK TESTAMENT, published by Harper & Brothers. This work demands more than a passing notice, and we direct to it the attention, first, of all Biblical scholars; second, of all students of the Bible; and third, of all who are interested in a thorough understanding of the Word of God.

We have had various and learned editions of the New Testament in the original Greek, with and without notes, but never an edition to be compared with this. It is a magnificent specimen of typography, and as such is the finest work in Greek type ever issued from an American press. But this is the least of its merits. It is the work of a learned man. In this respect it will meet universal commendation. The knowledge, critical experience, acquaintance with Greek, and accomplished skill as an annotator, which Dr. Alford has brought to the work, alone make it the first of its class extant. In the next place, the compilation of learning from previous annotators is enormous. He has gathered and profited by the works of every critic from the earliest ages, and has brought the result before us in a convenient form for the modern student.

No suggestion of a different reading, no hint of a means of explanation, whenever and wherever made, has escaped the educated eye of our editor. He has in one work summed up the labors of a hundred editors who have preceded him.

To give in our notice any complete idea of the work is out of the question. The volume before us contains the Four Gospels, preceded by the introduction or prolegomena of Dr. Alford. In the latter we have a history and a critical examination of the works which he edits. This examination is so clear, simple, and yet so masterly in its treatment, that some persons have thought it verging on disrespect to the inspired character of the Gospels which he edits. It is far from being so, however, to the mind of the scholar. Dr. Alford does not believe in *verbal inspiration*, but does firmly and fully believe in the *plenary inspiration* of the sacred books. He therefore discusses the *words* as he would the words of Sophocles, and seeks to find their true sense from the means at the command of a thorough Greek scholar. His notes on every page are therefore of incalculable value, and we have no doubt that the head of every Christian household in the land, who can read Greek even with difficulty, will find new light pouring in on him from every page of this new edition of the Gospels. Not only have we the notes of Dr. Alford, but we have a complete digest of the different readings in the various manuscripts of early times which are extant, and the text itself is revised in such a manner as might be expected from the scholarship of the editor.

The prolegomena or introduction will be worth the price of the volume to those who do not read Greek. It contains a history of the text of the New Testament, a discussion of the authorship of the various portions, and the dates at which they were written, a comparison of the Gospels and their harmonies, with a noble and triumphant defense of their inspired origin and holy character.

No clergyman or theological student can fail to place great value on the work; and as these classes of gentlemen are seldom able to increase their libraries, we take the liberty of suggesting to any one who desires to make a present to his pastor, or to a friend who is studying theology, that this work will prove most valuable and acceptable. It should certainly be in every clergyman's hands in the world.

Bangs, Merwin, & Co. continue their sales of articles of vertu, coins, medals, etc., from time to time. They advertise a sale of coins, etc., for the 21st and successive evenings, which, from an examination of the catalogue, we are able to pronounce the most extensive and varied sale of American coins which has as yet been held in this country. We observe, among other articles, the rare New England pieces, either of which will be cheap if sold at $25, and the Baltimore groat, which may well bring $40 to $50.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

MR. CASS FINDS IT NECESSARY TO EXPLAIN.

THE following important letter has been communicated to A. V. Hofer, of Cincinnati, by Secretary Cass. It needs no comment:

"DEPARTMENT OF STATE,
"WASHINGTON, *June* 14, 1859.

"SIR,—In answer to your letter of the 6th inst., I have to inform you that the brief letter from this Department to which you refer, dated the 17th of May last, and addressed to Mr. Felix Le Clerc, was in reply to an application for information, and was principally intended to recommend caution to our naturalized fellow-citizens, natives of France, in returning to that country, as the operations of the French conscription law were not precisely known here, and might bear injuriously upon that class of American citizens. Most of the Continental European nations have a system of military organization by which their citizens are compelled to serve in the army by conscription, as in France, where the duty is designated by lot, or by draft; as in Prussia, where every person is required to take his turn as a soldier.

HOW THE ADMINISTRATION WOULD LIKE TO ACT MANFULLY, BUT DOESN'T.

"The condition of American naturalized citizens returning to their native country where the system of compulsory service prevails, and who had left before performing such service, has frequently been the subject of discussion with some of the European Powers. Quite recently it has arisen between the United States and Prussia, and the representative of this country at the Court of Berlin has brought the matter to the attention of the Prussian Government. In the instructions which were sent to him, dated May 12, 1859, it was explicitly stated that this Government is opposed to the doctrine of perpetual allegiance, and maintains the right of expatriation, and the right to form new political ties elsewhere. Upon this subject it is observed that in this age of the world the idea of controlling the citizen in the choice of a home and binding him by a mere political theory to inhabit for his lifetime a country which he constantly desires to leave, can hardly be entertained by any government whatever.

THE SMALL HOLE THROUGH WHICH MR. CASS CREEPS OUT.

"The position of the United States, as communicated to the Minister at Berlin for the information of the Prussian government, is that native born Prussians naturalized in the United States and returning to the country of their birth, are not liable to any duties or penalties, except such as were existing at the period of their emigration. If at that time they were in the army or actually called into it, such emigration and naturalization do not exempt them from the legal penalty which they incurred by their desertion, but this penalty may be enforced against them whenever they shall voluntarily place themselves within the local jurisdiction of their native country and shall be proceeded against according to law. But when no present liabilities exist against them at the period of their emigration, the law of nations, in the opinion of this government, gives no right to any country to interfere with naturalized American citizens, and the attempt to do so would be considered an act unjust in itself and unfriendly toward the United States. This question can not of course arise in the case of a naturalized citizen who remains in the United States. It is only when he voluntarily returns to his native country that its local laws can be enforced against him. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

"LEWIS CASS."

NEWS FROM UTAH.

Additional advices from Utah inform us that Governor Cumming had ascertained that a twelve-pound howitzer constituted all the public arms in the Territory. The Marshal has addressed a communication to the Governor in response to the proclamation, stating that there are no bodies of armed men gathering in the mountains with a view to a military organization. General Johnston had promised protection to emigrant trains going to California, and advised the emigrants to collect at some common point, when he would afford them an escort. The Indians were getting troublesome, running off with government stock. A "big blow," or storm, did some damage in Salt Lake City and environs on the 16th ult.

ANOTHER SICKLES AFFAIR.

The West Troy *Democrat* has been put in possession of the particulars of the shooting of a young man by the father of a girl said to have been seduced by the young man. The affair took place in Stillwater, Saratoga county. We give the account as furnished the *Democrat*, which paper vouches for the credibility of the statement:

"The citizens of this place were thrown into great excitement last night by a report which reached us about sunset that Hiram D. Case had been shot by Arthur Holden for improper relations with his (Holden's) daughter. Case was formerly clerk in a dry-goods establishment in Albany. His parents and friends live about five miles north of this place. Last December he came home and staid about here for three weeks, and during that time got acquainted with Miss Holden. She was the daughter of a poor man, but bore a good character. As circumstances have since shown, Case, under promise of marriage, ruined her. As soon as her father knew this, he swore that Case should answer for the crime with his life. Mr. Holden served in the Mexican war, and with him to say was to perform. Since the 1st of March Case has resided with his parents, and last night came down to Holden's, when Holden, as he entered the gate, shot him through the heart with a rifle. He died almost instantly. Holden gave himself up to the authorities, and made no resistance, simply remarking that he had done his duty. There is a great deal of feeling here upon the subject, and a large number of people have been to the place where the tragedy occurred, which is about two miles north of the village."

A FATHER AND DAUGHTER IN JAIL.

The Cincinnati *Inquirer* says: "A day or two since Stephen J. M'Groarty, Esq., counsel for John Kain, now in prison awaiting a new trial for killing Singleton, the seducer of one of his daughters, succeeded in effecting a reconciliation between the father and his two girls, also in jail charged with larceny, to whom their parent had not spoken since the domestic tragedy, more than two years ago.

"By the kindness of the jailer the daughters were allowed to visit their father in his cell, when a most affecting interview took place; the girls falling on his neck and weeping like children, while from the eyes of the stern, strong man who had slain the vile destroyer of his child's honor, and had known her to fall step by step to degradation and despair, the great tears ran like rain—the agony of a heart wrung by affliction and agonized by terrible suffering to a woman's tenderness.

"For some minutes no one of that trio spoke. Sobs choked their utterance, and the memory of the fearful past awed them into silence. Their sorrow melted them to sympathy, and love and grief, remorse and repentance filled their hearts to bursting. In that moment they were purified; in that hour their errors were blotted out by the tears of deepest contrition, and atonement made to Nature and themselves.

"At last one of the girls, the dishonored and avenged, fell at her father's feet, and said, with still streaming eyes:

"'Oh father, dearest father, can you forgive me?'

"'Yes, yes, my child, with all my heart,' was the solemn and impressive answer, 'as I hope to be forgiven!'

"Then both his daughters knelt and received his blessing, and a moment after he was by their side offering up a prayer for strength to resist temptation and avoid evil in the future. The father embraced them tenderly again and again, and assured them of his entire forgiveness, while they promised amendment and reform, and resolved to seek comfort and support in the faith their parent recently had sought.

"The scene, as witnessed, was extremely pathetic, and such as our plain pencil can not paint. Several who witnessed the reconciliation were, in spite of themselves, melted to tears, and left the cell with a better opinion of that human nature which, however it may err, is always held by a golden though invisible thread to its native heaven."

PERSONAL.

The Galveston (Texas) *News*, of the 26th ult., has a letter from Seguin, near San Antonio, dated the 20th, in relation to the illness of General Twiggs. This letter says: "General David E. Twiggs is fast sinking into the grave. He is given up by his physicians, has made his will, and given directions as to his funeral. San Antonio is noted for the fatality attending the commanding generals of this department, and yet no local cause exists therefor. General Worth died of cholera, General Brooke of an old disease, and now General Twiggs is likely to follow, of a disease which has troubled him at times for years past."

The venerable Mrs. John C. Calhoun is still alive and in good health, and is now at the house of her son-in-law, Professor Clemson, at Bladensburg.

Taglioni, the well-known danseuse, having herself married a penniless nobleman, and having just given her daughter, who is now the wife of Prince Troubletzoi, all her private fortune for a dowry, has now abandoned her villa upon Lake Como, and has returned to Paris to seek the means of living for herself and spouse. Upon the marriage of her daughter she bound herself not to appear again upon the stage, where she might even now make a fortune. Hence she is driven to undertake the instruction of others. She applied to the Conservatoire for a situation, but was not successful, and she is obliged to rely upon the patronage of the public.

The English papers announce the arrival home of Captain Burton, of Mecca notoriety, the famous Arabian and African traveler. He has made some wonderful discoveries in the interior of Africa.

Letters received from Mr. Hawthorn state that his daughter, Miss Una Hawthorn, has so far recovered from her late severe illness that the family expected to leave Rome on the 25th of May.

Nathaniel Ray Greene, the last surviving son of Major General Greene of the Revolution, died at his residence in Middletown, Connecticut, last Saturday. He was 79 years of age. The only surviving child of General Greene is Mrs. Littlefield.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE WAR.

THE BATTLE OF MAGENTA.

The long-expected great battle has at last been fought. The scene was on the left shore of the Ticino, on the road from Novara to Milan. The granite bridge at Buffalora having been destroyed at the commencement of the war, the French threw across bridges at Turbigo, and passed the river on the morning of Saturday, the 4th inst. On that day the fight commenced, and lasted two days. It took place at Magenta, some twelve miles from Milan, and it is stated that three hundred thousand men were engaged in the conflict. The French Emperor partially commanded, and the King of Sardinia was near the scene of action. Napoleon claims a decisive victory, and says they took 7000 Austrians prisoners, while 12,000 more were placed *hors de combat*. He also states the French loss to be 3000, while other reports represent it at between 9000 and 12,000 men. The French General Espinasse was killed, and Marshal Canrobert mortally wounded. Five French Marshals and Generals and nine Austrian superior officers were wounded. Milan was evacuated by the Austrians, and its inhabitants had declared in favor of the King of Sardinia, but the French had not occupied the city. On the reception of the news of the victory in Paris the city was illuminated.

THE BATTLES OF PALESTRO.

The bulletin of the 30th May announced that the allies, under the King of Sardinia, had crossed the Sesia and forced the Austrian post at Palestro. The bulletin of the 31st brings the intelligence that the Austrians endeavored to retake the captured post, but were beaten back with tremendous loss. The Austrian force consisted of 25,000 men, coming from Robbio, the place where their outpost had been considerably strengthened the day previous, and at seven o'clock in the morning a movement took place toward the lately captured post of Palestro. The Sardinian cavalry of General Cialdini and the Zouaves received the Austrians, and repulsed them after a severe battle. The allies were commanded by the King in person, who exhibited the courageous qualities for which he has already obtained a name. The Austrians are said to have left 1000 prisoners in the hands of the allies, besides having 400 men drowned in a canal which they had to cross. Eight pieces of cannon were left in the hands of the Italians and French, six being claimed by the impetuous Zouaves, and two by their gallant friends of Sardinia.

MOVEMENTS OF GARIBALDI.

The following telegrams have been received in England:

Turin, *May* 29.—Como has decidedly declared an adhesion to the Government of the King of Sardinia. The telegraphic connection between Turin and Como is re-established. Advices received state that the population of the surrounding country is hastening to place itself under the flag of General Garibaldi. The inhabitants near Lago Maggiore are preparing a fierce resistance to any external attack of the Austrians.

Turin, *May* 28.—Yesterday, after a severe contest, Garibaldi repulsed (*réfoulé*) the Austrians, and entered the town of Como. A telegraphic dispatch sent by General Garibaldi, dated Como, May 28, ten A.M., states: "We attacked and defeated the enemy yesterday evening, and entered Como at ten o'clock at night. The Austrians were completely routed, and fled in the direction of Mouza." This news was received at head-quarters. The King sent, in reply, a telegraphic dispatch to Garibaldi, eulogizing that General. It is stated that the people of Como have joined Garibaldi's standard.

HOW GARIBALDI'S CHASSEURS FOUGHT.

A letter from one of Garibaldi's men thus describes the conflict with the Austrians:

"After a first discharge of their muskets the Italian volunteers assaulted the enemy with the bayonet, and with so much impetuosity that the Austrian centre was obliged to fall back on its left wing, already engaged by a battalion of our right wing. Now the fight became general—a tremendous hand-to-hand fight, in which every inch of ground was bravely disputed by both armies. The enemy's artillery was of no more use, because Garibaldi, having none, had ordered his men to fight hand-to-hand with swords and bayonets.

"At the report of the musketry and artillery the country people hastened to the scene of action with pitchforks, half pikes, and cleavers. 'It was a dreadful scene of slaughter,' said an eye-witness to me, 'which lasted three hours.' Nothing can give an idea of the impetuosity of those Italians, who could at last revenge so many wrongs, so many cruelties. It was almost madness.

"Two brothers Strambio, one captain and another lieutenant, were seen to leap into the inside of a hedge of bayonets, and cut down Croats as if they had been puppets.

"A Count Montanari, from Verona, whose brother had been hanged in 1853 by Radetsky's order, was running up and down the bloody field, striking right and left with his powerful sword.

"At seven o'clock the Austrian General was obliged to give the order for a retreat, as his men were falling in all directions. Garibaldi was close at their heels till they reached the strong position of Malnate, where they stopped to repair their losses.

"This is a short but faithful sketch of Garibaldi's exploit."

GARIBALDI'S PROCLAMATION TO THE LOMBARDS.

The following proclamation was issued by Garibaldi on entering the Lombard territory: "Lombards,—You are called to a new life, and you will respond to the appeal as your fathers did of yore at Ponsida and Legnano. The enemy is the same as ever, pitiless, a black assassin, and a robber. Your brethren of every province have sworn to conquer or die with you. It is our task to avenge the insults, the outrages, and the servitude of twenty generations; it is for us to leave to our children a patrimony freed from the pollution of a foreign domination. Victor Emanuel, chosen by the national will for our supreme chief, sends me to organize you for this patriotic fight. I deeply feel the sanctity of this mission, and I am proud to command you. To arms! Then bondage must cease. He who can seize an arm and does not is a traitor! Italy, with her children united, and freed from foreign domination, will know how to reconquer the rank which Providence has assigned her among nations."

FRANCIS-JOSEPH'S DEPARTURE FROM VIENNA.

A Vienna letter of May 30, says: "As the departure of the Emperor Francis-Joseph for Italy is an event of importance, a brief account of the circumstances attending it may perhaps be acceptable to your readers. It was generally known that his Majesty intended to leave Vienna on Sunday, but as few persons were aware that he would start at eleven o'clock in the morning, there was no great crowd in the streets leading to the railway terminus. At half past ten the high civil and military dignitaries were assembled in front of the terminus, and shortly before eleven o'clock the Emperor and Empress made their appearance in an open carriage. Although there was no vehement cheering as their Majesties drove through the streets, the reception given to the monarch was of the most flattering description. As he passed, every hat was removed, and few heads were covered until the carriage was out of sight. During the drive from the glacis to the outer lines of the city my *fiacre* was very near the Imperial equipage, and consequently I could both see and hear what there passed. The words 'God bless you (*Gott segne Sie*)!' must have been uttered several thousand times in the course of the ten minutes, and the miner's favorite expression, '*Gluck auf* (Success to you)!' more than once reached my ears. It appeared to me that the Sovereign and the people were equally moved; for the former, who looked very pale, bowed much lower than is his wont, and many of the latter actually shed tears. After having addressed a few words to the military authorities, who were standing at the entrance to the hall, his Majesty ascended the stairs leading to the platform, where he bade farewell to his Ministers and the high court dignitaries. After having cordially shaken hands with several of the persons present, the Emperor handed Her Majesty into the carriage, and immediately followed her. The Emperor, who is naturally a stern man, is said to have suppressed his emotion with difficulty. The Empress, who was to accompany her consort to Murzzuschlag, the second station on the other side of the Semmering, was sadly depressed, and as colorless as a lily."

ANOTHER AUSTRIAN PROCLAMATION.

The following proclamation is said to have been issued by General Zobel, of the Austrian army:

PROCLAMATION.

"If French or Piedmontese detachments, patrols, scouts, or agents, either in uniform or disguised, appear on any pretext in the territory occupied by the troops, the communes, and consequently every inhabitant of these communes, shall give warning to the command of the station; and if the territory is not occupied by 'I. R.' troops, notice must be given to the officer in commandant of the nearest post. Every commune, in whose territory a detachment or even a single soldier of the Austrian army shall discover a patrol or a hostile agent, shall be subjected to the severest penalties. Under pain of pillage the commune shall pay a war contribution; the village or township thus compromised shall be burned and the offender immediately shot. The communes are commanded to have this published from the pulpit and otherwise.

Zobel.

"Commander of the Seventh Corps.

"Mortara, *May* 24, 1859."

HOW THE EMPEROR PUNISHES HIS SOLDIERS.

A letter from Marengo of the 26th ult. says: "Two grenadiers of the Guard having entered a store-room and filled their canteens with wine from a cask in which they bored a hole, the Emperor has punished them by depriving them of the honor of taking part in the campaign, and has sent them back to France to the dépôt of their regiment. This punishment has been announced in an order of the day from Marshal Vaillant, and has created a great sensation among the troops. The health of the troops continues satisfactory. This is owing to their being in good spirits and abundantly fed."

THE TYROLESE RIFLEMEN AGAIN.

A letter from the seat of war says: "Meanwhile, along our line, and especially near the Sardinian head-quarters, the Austrians keep up a harassing sort of warfare by means of their Tyrolese sharp-shooters, who, as an officer lately from the front assured me, are unpleasantly-good shots, and pick off many a poor fellow when he least expects it. They occasionally also indulge in rocket practice. Beyond the Sesia is a good deal of thick wood, which may or may not cover large bodies of the enemy, but along whose skirt, from behind the trees, the Tyrolese send their rifle bullets with great precision. Near Terranova, on the 23d instant, a youthful Second Lieutenant of Engineers, only seventeen years old, son of the General commanding the Aosta brigade, was eating his breakfast in a Piedmontese redoubt, when a rocket struck him in the back and killed him on the spot."

NAPOLEON NEARLY MADE PRISONER.

In his visit to the field of battle at Montebello the Emperor Napoleon narrowly escaped being made prisoner. He had pushed on as far as Casteggio, and was observing with his telescope the movements of the enemy between Barbianello and the Portico del Stella upon the Po, when suddenly a detachment of Austrians presented themselves before him, only two hundred paces distant. Whether they had lost their way, or whether they had advanced thus far from mere hardihood, can not be told; but it is probable that the latter supposition is correct, inasmuch as the advanced posts of the Austrians are much more energetic and daring than those of the Franco-Sardinians. Directly, however, the Emperor saw them he changed color, threw away his cigar, drove the spurs into his horse's flanks, and galloped back to Voghera at a pace which would have done honor to the winner of the Derby. Louis Napoleon has faults, it must be admitted; but that of wantonly exposing his person to the enemy can not certainly be numbered among them.

A POOR WOUNDED AUSTRIAN.

A letter from the field of Montebello says: "After having gone over the ground near the village, I entered several of the houses which had been sacked by the Austrians. In one of them a wounded soldier had been discovered only two days before. A ball had passed through his thigh, and the unfortunate man had had the resolution to remain concealed for four days behind a large wine cask, without food, and suffering severely from his wound. He was half dead with pain and fear, and yet dared not show himself. The night after the battle he had strength enough to dress his wound by covering it with a colored handkerchief, but the dye of it had brought on violent inflammation. He is now in the hospital at Voghera. The fortitude shown by the wounded Austrian during four days of privation and suffering, has its source in the exaggerated fear which had been excited in his mind with regard to the French soldiers."

A VICTIM OF THE WAR.

A Lyons journal has the following: "A few days ago the footsteps of a bear were noticed on the banks of the Rhone, in the vicinity of Bellegarde (Ain), and two persons of the place, taking rifles and poniards, immediately went in pursuit of the animal. After looking about for seven hours in the mountains near the Rhone, between Seyssel and Bellegarde, they found the bear, and fired on him six times. The animal was only wounded, and made off at a rapid pace toward the village. A great number of persons who had assembled to witness the attack fled in dismay, and the inhabitants of the village were in great terror—some barricading themselves in their houses, others climbing up trees. The bear, however, left the village without doing any harm, and the two sportsmen following, fired at it five times. It was again wounded, and one of the persons, named Cottin, advanced with his poniard to dispatch it. The animal seeing him approach rose on his hind legs, evidently with the intention of hugging him; but Cottin's companion fired, and the bear fell dead. No fewer than four balls were found flattened in its hide without having penetrated the flesh. It is supposed that the animal came from the Alps, and that it was frightened from its retreat by the noise of the drums and trumpets of the French army."

HOW THE AUSTRIAN SOLDIERS LIVE.

The Austrian correspondent of the *Times* writes: "The head-quarters staff of such a large army as this is of course very numerous; 85 officers sit down to dinner often, and forage is drawn for 1200 horses, as every field officer has a carriage and carriage horses, besides four or five chargers. The orderly officers give all their horses plenty of work. A ride of 50 or 60 miles before a seven o'clock breakfast falls to the lot of one of them almost daily. Their movements are the only signs of any thing going on, as the utmost secrecy is observed about every occurrence. I am sure that many persons in this town have no idea that at any instant some important military step may be taken. A stranger coming into the crowded court-yard or ante-room of the General might easily fancy the enemy 100 miles off, not perceiving that the boots of the officer talking to the General are dusty, and that the one riding off toward the westward is accompanied by four Lancers, and not hearing the whisper of another saying where he is to be found during the next half-hour. My groom, for one, remarks nothing, but talks coolly of having a horse shod to-morrow or next day. I am not sure that this system of secrecy is not better than discussing openly every movement, as English officers do; but a medium would be still better. The imagination magnifies any calamity so much when there is any mystery about it that I can not help thinking all past events might be discussed without injury."

HOW THEY AMUSE THEMSELVES.

He adds: "These men I have observed attentively, and for the instruction of those who think the Austrian troops barbarians, I will tell you how they pass their evenings. About five o'clock they all crowd round the band, which is led by Farbach, the well-known Viennese composer, and take the greatest delight in listening to the music. During the intervals of the instrumental music parties of twenty or thirty of these so-called savages sing in a manner which I have not yet had the pleasure to hear equaled in France or England. Tyrolese songs follow Viennese, and then sometimes the band strikes up some Hungarian tune, and in an instant a space is cleared, and every Hungarian in the crowd joins in a dance; or Farbach gives one of his exquisite waltzes, and a hundred Germans seize the opportunity of enjoying their favorite dance. Hairy fellows, in thick shoes and great coats, are their only available partners to be seen; but still it is very pleasant to see these men amusing themselves in so refined a manner. I have even seen one man, mounted on a chair, reciting poetry to an attentive crowd. The Italians stare at all this. Their behavior is very uncertain on all occasions. I even saw one inhospitable inn-keeper the other day. Count Gyulai has thought it prudent to order them all to be disarmed, because one hussar was murdered in Voghera; and on the 20th some laborers, or men dressed as such, engaged in the fight at Montebello. General Zobel reports from the right that patrols have been seen dressed as countrymen, supposed to be a part of Garibaldi's corps. As these might enter singly even the head-quarters here, you will see how absolutely necessary it is to forbid all but soldiers to carry arms. Officers here are requested not to ride out alone without great circumspection, and to distrust all parties of men, even though they may appear to be engaged in the harmless occupation of hay-making."

HOW THE AUSTRIANS ARE RECEIVED IN GERMANY.

A letter-writer says: "The political excitement of the Germans has reached such a high pitch that they receive the Austrian soldiers who pass by railroad through Dresden, Augsburg, and Munich like so many brothers. The demonstration was not confined to a mere shaking of hands and loud cheering, for we have information that in all three of the above-named cities the Austrian troops were treated with extreme hospitality and kindness. Such vast quantities of beer and so many cigars were served out gratis to the men that the officers were more than once obliged to interfere. In several towns refreshments were prepared by the people for the soldiers, but they could not partake of them, as they were only permitted to quit the carriages at certain stations. We learn from Carlsruhe that a 'high personage' a few days ago exclaimed, '*Ce pauvre Louis! Il est perdu.*' The Austrian papers and people have altogether dropped the title of 'Emperor,' and now speak of an individual named 'Louis Napoleon Bonaparte.' In fact, both parties well know that the struggle is one of "life and death."'"

THE POLICY OF GERMANY.

The Dresden *Journal* of the 31st professes acquaintance with the fact that the negotiations between Austria and Prussia, for the purpose of arriving at an understanding in the interest of Germany, have, during the last few days, made satisfactory progress.

A letter from Frankfort, dated the 27th of May, relative to the sitting of the 26th of the Diet, says: "The result of the last sitting of the Diet is that Prussia has again rallied to her policy various delegates of the Federal Governments who were opposed to her at the commencement of the war in Italy. The greater number of German princes, therefore, leave it to Prussia to take the initiative in all military measures, with a view to guarantee the Germanic Confederation against foreign invasion.

This right Prussia has never ceased to claim, founding it upon her double quality as one of the great Powers and as member of the Confederation. From this sitting Prussia, by the firm and prudent conduct of her representative at Frankfort, has reacquired the first place in Germany; she must be considered the sovereign moderator of the destinies of the country, and neither Bavaria, Saxony, nor Hanover has henceforth the slightest chance of drawing by their bellicose demonstrations the whole German Confederation into a general war, the duration and consequence of which it would be impossible to foretell."

HATRED OF THE FRENCH IN GERMANY.

The feeling in some of the German States against the French is so strong that a French manufacturer who has a large establishment at Hesse-Cassel, where he employs from 600 to 700 workmen, has been forced to quit the place in consequence of the excitement which prevails there. It appears he has left his manufactory to the care of a partner and has arrived in Paris.

HOW THE DUKE OF MODENA FILLED HIS POCKETS ON RUNNING AWAY.

The *Monitore Toscano* states that the Duke of Modena has carried away the money belonging to several public offices, besides 800,000 francs which were in the treasury at Reggio. Being resolved, moreover, not to leave any thing for the French to get at, he has set all the game at liberty, which was kept in the preserves of San Felice. He has also ordered all the bridges to be destroyed, and the road of the Abetone to be rendered impassable.

GREAT BRITAIN.

PARLIAMENT.

Parliament has met daily to swear in members; but no business would be transacted until the delivery of the Queen's Speech on the 7th. The London *Ministerialist* learns that the moving of an amendment to the address to the Queen has been abandoned, and that another method of assault will doubtless be tried. A circular, signed by Lords Palmerston and Russell, Mr. Milner Gibson and others, had been issued, calling a meeting of the liberal members of Parliament for the 6th. The London *Herald* mentions a rumor that Mr. Bright and the radicals have been gained by the Government by the offer of three seats in the Cabinet.

THE PRINCESS FREDERICK WILLIAM.

The *Court Journal* says: "Nothing could exceed the pleasure manifested by the Princess Frederick William at revisiting the scenes of her childhood and youth at Osborne. All the new arrangements, every alteration, and all the little additions were detected at once, and the kindest greetings, and the most gracious recognitions, were accorded to all the members of the royal household. Her royal highness is certainly thinner than when she left England, but looks remarkably well in health and truly happy."

AN IRISH MISER.

Mr. Peter Flynn, of Magdalene Street, Drogheda, was a publican, holding a small farm, and having besides several agencies. His business as agent and farmer kept him much from home, and his wife conducted the business. He always alleged she had money; but, from the unsocial way in which they lived, he could never get from her if she had any, or how much. She dying about four years ago under very mysterious circumstances, an inquest was held, but the jury acquitted him. He, still suspecting that she hid the money, bespoke a sharp pick from a smith, to whom he communicated his design of trying the floor, etc. When the pick was brought home he took to his bed, and died about six months since. When dying, he, at the suggestion of his reverend adviser, left the great bulk of his property to the Sisters of Charity, which will the children disputed, but before it came on for trial an agreement was entered into and the house and property sold, that the money might be divided between the Sisters of Charity and them. The house fell into the possession of Mr. James Healy, who sent his man, Patrick Debitt, to clear it out, to commence certain alterations. Debitt chanced to be in company of the smith who made the pick, and the latter told him for what purpose the deceased got him to make it. Debitt, taking his opportunity, commenced trying by raising the hearth-stone, and there he found a quart sauce-pan and a bowl, carefully rolled round with hay, and both filled with sovereigns, amounting in all to between £400 and £500.

FRANCE.

NEW FOREIGN APPOINTMENTS.

M. Talleyrand Perigord has been appointed embassador of France at Naples. It was reported at Paris on the 28th ultimo, that M. Bennedetti, director of the political department in the French foreign office, has been appointed to an extraordinary mission to the German Confederation.

GERMANY.

RIOTS AT BERLIN.

At Berlin open-air meetings have taken place of the very numerous bodies of working-men of that manufacturing city who have been thrown out of employ in consequence of the present commercial crisis. Such meetings are an infraction of the law. The police, however, do not seem to have interfered. The aspect of the affair is rendered more ominous by the fact that these meetings were held in Frederick's Park, east end, where the bodies of those who fell in the revolution of March, 1848, were interred. The common council of the city are deliberating on measures of expediency to supply the most urgent cases.

NAPLES.

NEAPOLITAN RELATIONS WITH THE MARITIME POWERS.

The spirit of the instructions transmitted to the Court of Naples by the envoys sent by France and Sardinia is as follows: "1. They are to declare that the death of King Ferdinand II. renders possible the re-establishment of friendly relations between the kingdom of the Two Sicilies and the allied government. 2. The express condition of this reconciliation is, as a matter of course, the abandonment of the policy of the late King. 3. The representatives of France and Sardinia will make known with all possible courtesy to King Francis II. that the interests of the Kingdom of Naples, being at the present time in accord with those of Upper Italy, it would be well for him to enter into the Franco-Sardinian alliance. 4. The two envoys are not to reject any counter propositions, but to refer them to their respective cabinets." The Emperor of the French will, it is said, conduct this negotiation himself direct from his head-quarters.

THE NEW KING OF NAPLES ON HIS FATHER'S TRACK.

The *Times* correspondent writes: "I have to notice several arrests this week, and, first of all, of an English lady, who was walking through the streets of Naples, and conversing freely on Neapolitan affairs with an Italian gentleman. A person in plain clothes addressed her, and begged her to accompany him to the commissariat; whereupon ensued a volley of questions as to the why and wherefore, and sundry objections. As the plainly-dressed gentleman still persisted, the lady observed, 'But what can I, an English lady, have to do with you?' 'Oh! an English lady,' was the reply. 'I was not aware of it—that alters the question.' And taking off his hat, he retired. Her gallant escort had decamped at the first moment, and no compromise of his gallantry either, when the sufferings of a Neapolitan prison are considered. Two advocates also have been arrested, Signori Catucci and Vescia. A perquisition was made in their houses, and, oh, ye gods! the 'Storia Civile del Regno,' by Gianuoni, and the 'Storia del Concilii,' by Sarpi, were found. These books, it is true, are down in the Prohibitory Index of Rome, but may be possessed by virtue of a license. It is reported, too, though I can not verify it, that four students have been arrested, two of whom were taken to the Vicaria, and two to the Prefecture. Of the two advocates, Catucci has been liberated on personal bail, while Vescia has been compelled to suspend his occupations and retire into the provinces. A young man also, called Farina, whose father was an ex-commissary of police, and whose brother has lately left for Lombardy, was arrested on Thursday evening. Why, do you ask? Heaven only knows!"

MEXICO.

MORE REVOLUTIONS.

Miramon is reported to have suppressed a *pronunciamiento* by the priests in favor of Zuloaga, at the capital, on the 23d ult. The Church tried Miramon, but the padres were arrested and sent to Vera Cruz. The Liberals were encouraged.

The Marquez expedition against Morelia had been driven back, but not until the town had been ravaged and the women stripped naked and whipped in the effort to make them point out the hidden treasure. The Americans and other foreigners suffered much loss.

Miramon had decreed the importations at Vera Cruz confiscated, and modified the *ad valorem* duties.

Mr. Lane was at Vera Cruz on the 30th.

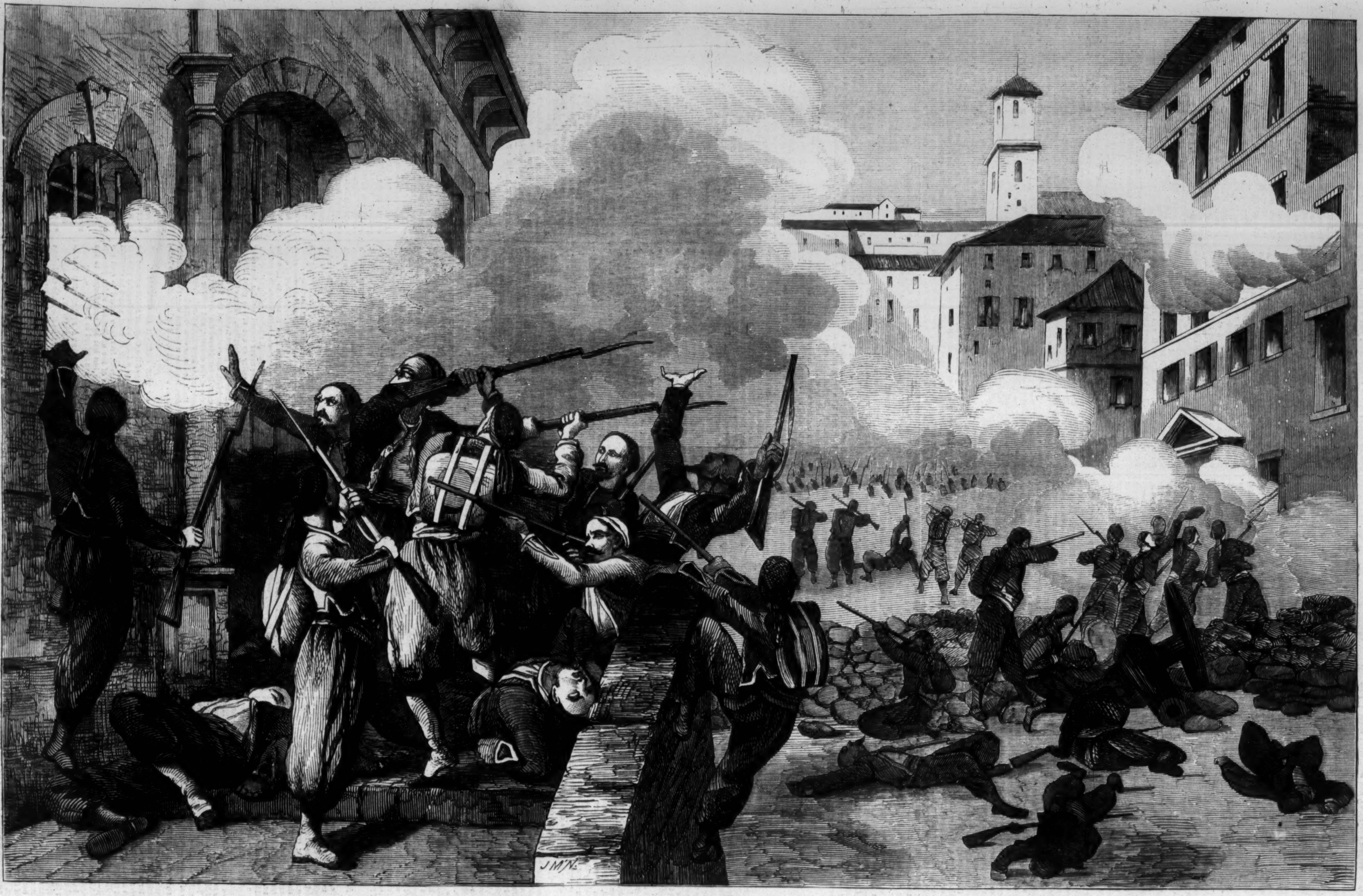
Miramon is reported to have been at Jalapa with 250 men.

[Our dispatch is not clear on this point.]

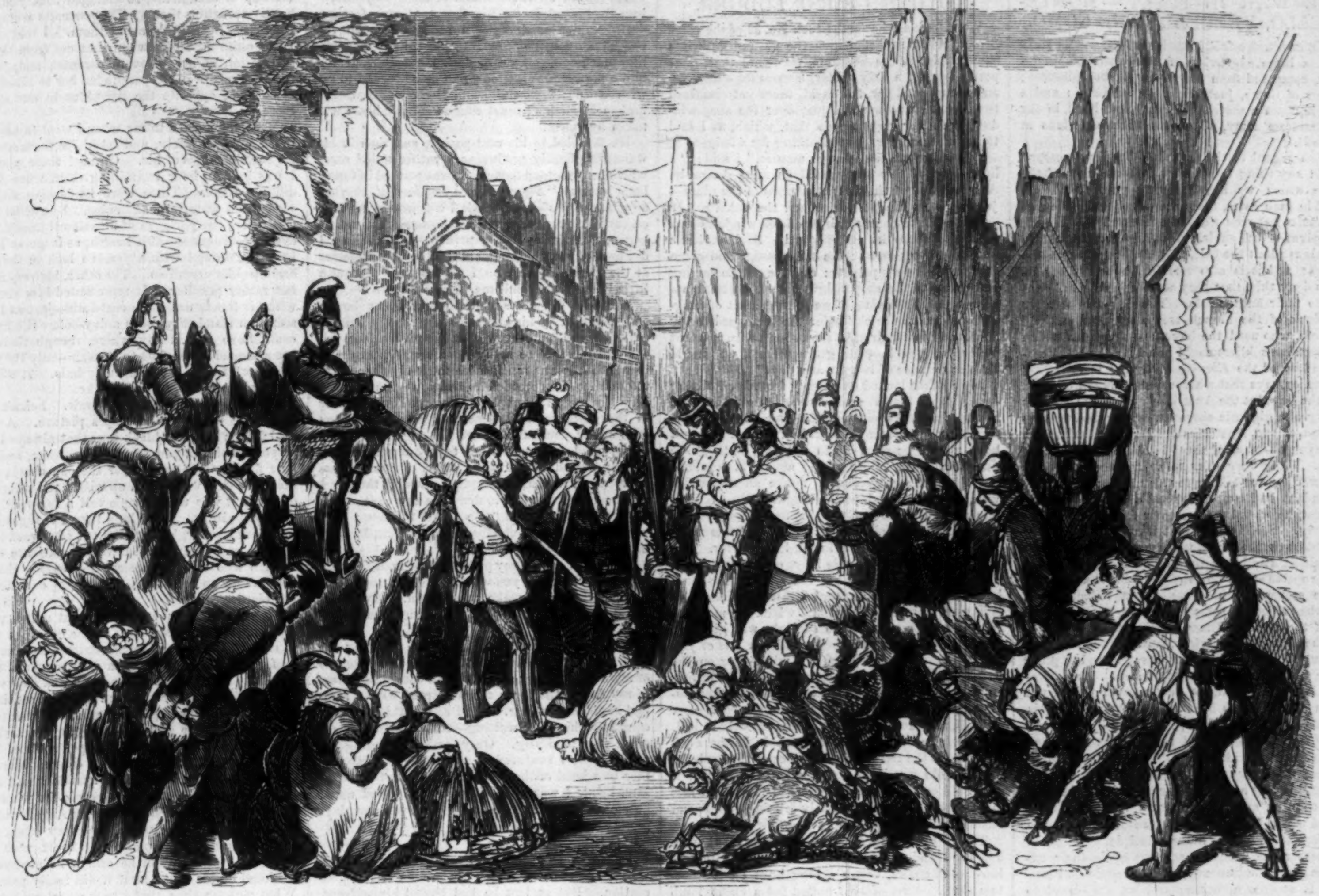
Señor Bonilla issued a decree on the 26th, in which he says that Mr. Buchanan's recognition of the Juarez party is not responsible, and that Americans are not accountable for his acts.

Consul Black was reported to be gone to Vera Cruz, for safety from the rabble of the army.

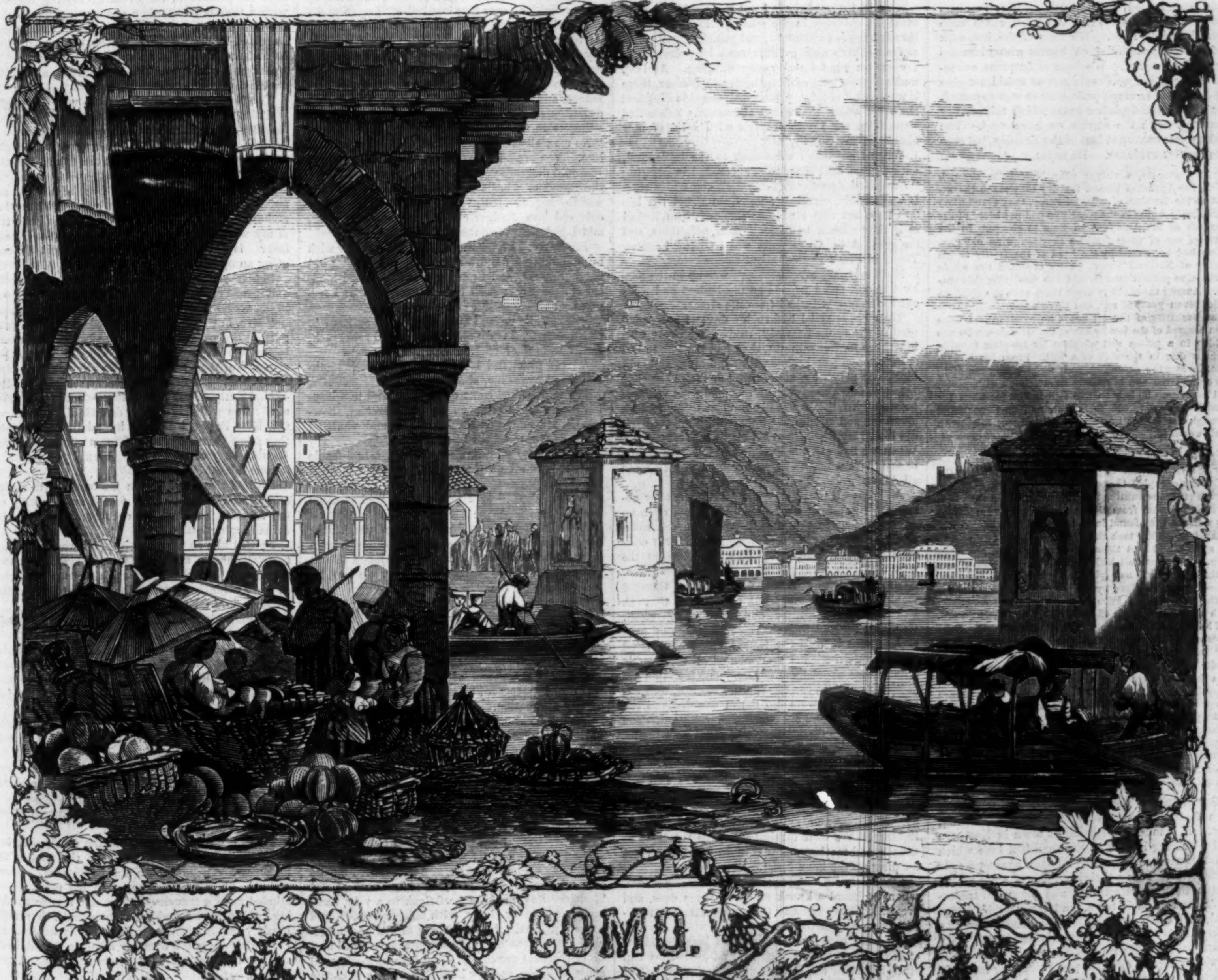
General Cobas is reported at Oajaca; and private parties advise people not to cross the Isthmus of Tehuantepec.



THE BATTLE OF MONTEBELLO—THE ZOUAVES CHARGING THROUGH THE STREETS.



AUSTRIAN EXACTIONS AT VERCELLI.



COMO.

THE WAR IN ITALY—MONTEBELLO, VERCELLI, AND COMO.

WE continue our illustrations of the war in Italy with a large engraving of the Battle of Montebello, composed from sketches and wood pictures; a view of Como, just taken by Garibaldi; and a picture, from a sketch by Lieutenant Forli, in the Piedmontese army, of the Austrian exactions at Vercelli.

With regard to the first, it is hardly necessary to add any thing to the very full accounts of the battle which we have already published. As usual in such cases, there are many and wide discrepancies between the Austrian and the French narratives of the affair. But it is certain, as the Austrians admit the fact, that the French were the victors; and it is also certain, though the Austrians deny this, that they were superior in numbers to their antagonists. The day was won by the pluck of the French troops engaged, mostly Zouaves, who used the bayonet—a weapon which the Austrian soldiers could not withstand. A correspondent of the *Evening Post*, who is following the armies, says that wherever the French charged with the bayonet the Austrians ran away; he tells a story of a gigantic chasseur, who owned to having run eleven Austrians through the body with his bayonet—most of them in the act of running away. It is very easy to accuse the Austrians of cowardice for taking to their heels; if the correspondent had ever witnessed a charge with the bayonet, he would realize their feelings more accurately. Soldiers say that if a bayonet charge can not be checked by musketry or grape, it can not be resisted at all, and the party charged have the simple option of running away or being run through.

The scenes which took place at Vercelli have been the subject of some discussion, a correspondent of the London *Times*, writing from the Austrian head-quarters, having distinctly asserted that the Austrians committed no outrages, and that the people of Vercelli were not ill-treated. This statement is not credited, for two reasons: First, the evidence, which has been collected with care, is diametrically opposed to it; and, secondly, it would have been an unexampled thing if the Austrians had not extorted all they could out of the Piedmontese. Military usage, under ordinary circumstances, justifies a commander in making the enemy's country support his army where he can; Gyulai would have displayed unusual forbearance if he had acted on any other principle.

Whether the Austrian soldiers made their exactions gently and humanely, or savagely and brutally, is another question; and we are bound to say that, despite the denials of the Austrian organ, the London *Times*, the weight of evidence is in favor of the latter view. We hear of magistrates being bastinadoed by Austrian soldiers in cities whose contributions to the Austrian cause were deemed unduly light. We hear of the last sack of flour being carried from houses whose inmates were left to starve. We hear of frequent executions of peasants who could not or would not give the Austrians as much provender as was expected. Our illustration depicts a scene which tallies very accurately with the stories we have read. The Piedmontese correspondent of the *Evening Post* supplies further evidence. He says:

> "At Casteggio, a village near Montebello, through which the Austrians passed the day they made the attack on the division of General Forey, they found some of the families still in the place who had not heard of the approach of the Austrians in time to escape. In the house of one of these families they found an old gun, which had been used by the head of the family in his quality of National Guard. They executed the whole of the nine persons that formed the family for this reason. Among those put to death there were two children under seven years of age, and three women. The atrocious barbarity of the act needs no comment. I have been assured of the fact by one of the villagers, who was hidden in a pit—a sort of place for keeping farming utensils dug in the side of a hill. From his hiding-place he saw the execution, and, when telling me of it, his eyes glared and his whole frame shook with horror and emotion. This man was still in the pit when the Austrians were forced to retreat, and as they passed through the village he counted 160 wagons filled with their wounded."

And again:

> "At a village near Voghera, during the time that the Austrians occupied that place, they sent out each day parties of troops hunting for provisions, which they took without payment from the country people. In searching a house they found in it a journal that is inimical to Austria. They took the whole family on to the public square, and shot them all—men, women, and children. They were all killed, with the exception of one of the men, who is now lying in the hospital at Voghera, where he was conveyed by the people after the departure of the Austrians. I have seen the man and conversed with him—his name is Cignoli. Hundreds besides myself have seen the person and heard his account of the atrocious action perpetrated by the Austrians.
>
> "To-day I have seen a letter written by the vice-syndic of Pignarolo, who was taken by the Austrians as a hostage when they were in the place yesterday. They have a habit of doing this when they find a citizen whose importance renders his fate an object of interest to the people, and then they ask for provisions or money, threatening, upon non-compliance with these demands, to put the hostage to death. Thus the vice-syndic, in his letter, announces that, unless the people give the Austrians information as regards the movements of the French, they will shoot him."

Our picture of Como will delight all who have been fortunate enough to visit that enchanting spot. It is indeed the loveliest town in Northern Italy, bathing its feet in the beautiful lake which bears its name, and resting its back against a spur of the Alps. It is a thriving town of some 20,000 people, busy manufacturers, and successful tradesmen; fond of their town, and their noble cathedral, and their worthies, among whom the two Plinys and Volta are reverently counted. Only twenty-eight miles from Milan, a railway connects it with the great city; in peace time few roads do a better business.

Garibaldi has established his head-quarters at Como—uncomfortably near the Austrians, one would think.

MOTHER'S FIRST LODGER.

WHEN my mother and I took No. 32 of the High Street, Aiskrigg (of which the ground-floor is a shop, sublet to the butcher), we found that, after portioning off a tidy parlor, a room for ourselves, and a cupboard for the maid, there yet remained two nice front rooms, one just over the shop-window, the other right above that, which, as I said to my mother, were just the thing for a lodger.

"Our income isn't large, mother," I said; "a little help of this sort would be most desirable. And it is one of the best situations in the place—just opposite the post-office and the baker's. If people wish for country air, the back windows look right down on the church-yard. Besides, it's a genteel-looking house; the side-passage and green door make it very private: and the people coming and going to the shop below give a cheerful appearance. I am sure, if we bought a bit of drugget, and put in the chiffonier that belonged to my aunt, the horse-hair sofa, the round table, and that picture of you in your green satinet, we should have our choice of lodgers any day."

My mother looked up sharply from her knitting—so sharply that she jerked a stitch over her pin, and made a mess with her stocking, that kept me bothering over it for the next half hour. "I won't have no young men, I can tell you, Patty," she said, decidedly. "No young men. It wouldn't be right, on any account. You're an unmarried woman, Patty, and people might talk. I don't know that I approve of the idea in any wise. But as you say, it would help the rent, and this move of ours has made a hole in the last quarter. We might look out for a single lady, or a widow."

My mother took out her red silk pocket-handkerchief (which had been my father's, and she used it in remembrance of him) and wiped the moisture from her weak eyes. The sunlight was glancing into the room over the green blinds—a line of yellow along the faded carpet, a white star on the polished back of the mahogany arm-chair, falling on my mother's face and dazzling her eyes, then losing itself among the gilt bindings in the book-case.

Well, that evening I sent Betsy off early to bed, and made my mother so comfortable in the arm-chair, with the red handkerchief over the back for fear her old cap should grease it (she always put on an old one in the evening, when it was too late for visitors), that she presently fell fast asleep, and left me to follow my own devices.

Then I sat myself down on the floor, by the oak cupboard, and settling the candle on one of the willow-seated chairs, began a long hunt on the bottom shelf. First of all I pulled out a china lamb with only one broken leg, and two little shepherdesses that held matches behind them, and a bird's-nest, with eggs in it, that made an ink-stand; and when I had dusted them, I put them aside to ornament the chimney in the spare parlor. I hunted through my red work-box, and put out some patches for mother's quilt; but it was a long time before I came on what I was really wanting. At last, under a great pile of Manchester *Guardians*, there it was—a bit of thick pasteboard, one side blue and the other white, that about six months before had come from the linen-draper's with a lot of new blonde for my Sunday cap.

When I got this I went back to the table, and, with a great deal of trouble, succeeded in printing "*Furnished Apartments to Let*" on the white side. It was legible, certainly; but I am afraid the letters were not very straight; some of them looked as if they wished to fisticuff their neighbors, and the great A in Apartments was like the Leaning Tower of Pisa I've read about somewhere.

Next morning my pasteboard was up in the parlor window, and I popped on my bonnet and went out to see how it looked from the street.

Then Betsy and I had such a day. I persuaded mother she spoke hoarsely, rubbed her chest with hartshorn for five minutes, then had her safe in bed till afternoon; and what with scrubbing, and rubbing, and polishing, and getting Joe from the shop below to move the furniture, we had done wonders before nightfall. I went in the last thing to look about me and admire my handiwork, and really it did look very nice, though I say it who shouldn't. When we had got the new drugget, I'd be bound to say there wouldn't be such another a lodging in all Aiskrigg.

Ah! but all that hurry and scurry went for nothing. In spite of the big hand-bill, and even an advertisement in the weekly paper, no one came near us for upward of a month. Then it was only an application from an old lady who thought the rent too high, and wanted a deal of attendance. After her arrived a widow, whom mother thought would be just the thing; but it turned out that she had a pack of children, and there wasn't room. Goodness me! I thought those rooms would never let; and many's the time I could have cried with vexation when I remembered all the trouble I had taken about them. Every one found an objection: one said the rooms were too low, and another that they were too dark; one disliked the butcher's shop, and another the church-yard. You never saw such dissatisfied folks in all your life!

Well, again mother and I were sitting in the parlor. We had given up the fire because the weather was so warm, and the grate was well polished, and filled by a yellow and pink paper mat. And mother's eyes had been bad, and she wore a green shade, and amused herself with making lighters. We were talking about the lodgings, as usual; and mother was just saying it was no use keeping up the hand-bill, for no one came, and that she would spend no more money in advertisements, when we heard a knock at the passage door, and presently Betsy came in to say a gentleman wished to see the apartments.

I did not keep him a minute. I just picked the ends of cotton from my gown, and pulled my cap straight before the looking-glass, and went out to him. He was standing at the bottom of the stairs wiping his dirty boots on the door-mat. I liked him from that moment. It was so nice and considerate to take care of the floor-cloth.

He looked up at the sound of my "Good-morning, Sir!" and I saw his face. It was foreign, dark-complexioned, with a ruddy color on the cheek; a quantity of curling black hair, a twinkling black eye, and a little curled mustache, giving him a piquant expression; and as he turned to me with a courteous smile and the most charming broken English—I must confess it—my heart was taken by storm.

He fumbled in his coat-pocket, and then in his waistcoat, finally producing a rather soiled card, which he presented to me. It was printed in funny little letters—"*Signor Angelo Pagliardini, Professor of Languages*"—and, while I was wondering how on earth to pronounce such an outlandish name, he began, "Madame—I beg pardon—*Missis* Flint, I did hear of your lodgings; I am the new professor at the grammar-school. I am Italian. I want a little lodging. Permit me, Missis Flint—"

What he did not say he insinuated by bows; and, charmed by his politeness, I gave my hair an extra smooth, and threw open the parlor door.

I had received so many rebuffs and disappointments that it was much more modestly than heretofore that I proceeded to draw up the painted blind (representing poplar-trees and York Minster in the distance) and descanted on the various merits and conveniences of the chamber. The signor paid little attention to my explanations, hardly noticed my beautiful stand of wax flowers made at Miss Rule's boarding-school; though I stood aside on purpose to draw his eye to it. His great anxiety seemed to be about the rent; and, when we had satisfactorily arranged that, he only made one suggestion:

"I have a good many pictures, and such things," said he. "Perhaps you would not object to remove those portraits to make more room. My boxes are at the station and shall be sent up immediately."

I own I was surprised at his request; for the portraits to which he referred were that likeness of my mother in her satinet, and a companion view of my dear father, in a red waistcoat with a rose-bud in his button-hole. But I said nothing—I was cowed by that long waiting—and he made his request very modestly. Only, as he was going out of the door, I ventured to insinuate that my mother was head of the house, and, instead of being Mrs. Flint, I was only Miss Patty. Good man! how he turned round and raised his eyebrows, laying his hand on his heart as he said,

"Is it possible?"

I suppose he had been equally impressed, and wondered at the blindness of the men of this generation. But at last he had bowed himself out, and I was at liberty to return and break the news to my mother.

My mother was in a real passion, and tore up all her lighter paper into crooked strips. She declared that a man should not live in her house. As for me I was beside myself. I never thought my mother would have persisted in such a fanciful resolution; and here was I, who had gone and let the rooms, and every minute expected the new lodger and his luggage. Tears were vain. I nearly cried my eyes out, but my mother sat obstinately in the corner, every moment repeating, "No man shall ever come into this house while I live. You are an unmarried woman, Patty Flint. It would disgrace your father's memory." I heard the sound of wheels in the street and thought it was the luggage. But the wheels passed. It was only old Mrs. Badger coming in from her airing, and I had still a few moments' reprieve.

Presently, I was sitting in the basket-chair with my handkerchief up to my face. My mother did not notice me, and I gave a moan—moaned louder, and began to rock myself backward and forward.

"What ails ye? Patty, what's the matter?"

No answer. Only moan, moan, and rock, rock, as if I were distracted.

"Good gracious! is it tic, Patty? Is it toothache? Answer me, child."

My mother had come quite close, and was leaning over me. I removed my handkerchief, showing the red marks on the left cheek, and, shutting my eyes, appeared too ill to answer.

"It's no use asking, mother," I said, in a feeble voice; "it's all on the nerves." And I moaned afresh.

"Dear, dear!" said my mother, "what could put it there?"

I looked up again, and made my red cheek very conspicuous: "It was the bother about the lodgings. I was so fidgeted after I had made the arrangements. And really I did all for the best."

My mother was fairly overcome.

"Don't vex yourself, Patty, about that. Don't torment yourself—there's a darling. It shall be all as you wish. I dare say you meant well, and—But how bad you are! Hadn't I better send for Dr. Rotheram?"

I caught the sound of wheels really stopping this time: "Mother!" I groaned, "don't let there be any altercation. My poor head would be distracted by noise. Let them take the boxes up quietly at once. And, dear mother, don't leave me on any account." I was in such a fright she would go out and blow them up; and so for the next hour I kept her fomenting my face and pitying my sufferings.

At the end of that time it was necessary to prepare dinner, and I heard the footsteps of my lodger in the adjoining room; so I told the old lady that I felt better. The tic was going away almost as suddenly as it had come on, and perhaps if I moved about I should get rid of it altogether. I did Monsieur Pagliardini a beef-steak to a very turn, and sent it up by Betsy, with baked potatoes, and a rhubarb tart. I got out one of the best table-cloths, and gave him my own pickles, as well as a bit of Durham mustard. I am sure he might well smile at Betsy, and say Miss Patty was a first-rate cook. I know he did, for I was peeping in at the door to see if he took pickles.

A day or two later found the signor quite settled in his new apartments. These, by the addition of his bits of ornaments, so changed that you could hardly recognize them. The portraits were gone. I managed beautifully about them. I told mother I was quite miserable when shut out from the contemplation of my beloved parents; and, by the slightest return of tic, persuaded her to allow them to be hung opposite the fire-place in our sitting-room.

Monsieur nodded to me when I went to see them taken down in safety, and asked Joe to remain and fix some pictures of his. Oh me! those pictures! I was half an hour examining them when I next did the room. There were landscapes and sea-views, and waterfalls and ruins. But, chief of all, there were two portraits of monsieur himself. One over the fire-place—half length, as large as life—a beautiful thing! with a pensive look in the eyes, and lips like vermilion. The other, his very moral, but rather peculiar. It represented him standing with his hands under his coat-tails—just as I have seen him stand fifty times a day before the fire. I could have told it any where, though there was not a morsel of the face to be seen—only the thick-set, short figure, and the curly hair. It was the thing altogether that was so like.

And there was another portrait. I don't overlook *that;* for it was a lady's picture. A dark, cold face, with great black eyes that always looked at you wherever you stood in the room, and long hair falling in disorder over the one cheek, while the other side was looped up with a red ribbon. I dare say it was what people call a fine face, but *I* didn't admire it. For a long time I thought it was monsieur's sister, but I found out afterward that it wasn't; and I never can have any patience with a woman who was so careless and untidy that she couldn't do up both sides of her hair, even to have her picture taken.

So, unmarked by any very great event, passed the summer and autumn, and the evenings began to close in earlier, and monsieur liked to have a fire lit for him when he came in after tea-time. And regularly I put his dressing-gown and slippers before the fire, and drew the curtains and set the tea-things. And as regularly when he passed the kitchen going up stairs, looking fagged and anxious with his day's work, I popped a bit of bacon or something nice on the fire to comfort him. No doubt I took a great deal of trouble about *only* a lodger; but there are some people for whom one can never do too much, and Signor Angelo was one.

"Miss Patty," he would say very often, "you are too good. You pierce my heart with your kindness." And when he said it he always laid his hand on his heart, as if it did really pain him. What wonder, then, that I took more and more interest in one so grateful, that as I saw him grow pale, and thin, and lose his appetite, hour after hour sit pensive in the evening, rousing himself with a visible effort when one of his many pupils came for a lesson—what wonder that my heart was lacerated by compassion? Or that one night, when he had sent away his tea untouched, I ventured to knock at his door, and ask if I could do any thing for his comfort?

To this day I can see him as he was that night—sitting in the easy-chair, in his shawl-patterned dressing-gown, with his feet crossed on the fender. A little glow over the hearth-rug, a little light falling on the lady's picture in the corner—all the rest of the room half-dark.

"Dear monsieur," I said, "I am afraid you are not well. You do not eat, and you seem harassed and overworked. Might I recommend a little cup of my wormwood-tea every morning before breakfast? It is the finest thing in the world for creating an appetite."

Signor Angelo jerked his hand from his forehead, and leaned forward. There was a smouldering fire in his eye, and his voice trembled with earnestness.

"Mrs. Patty, you are very good—you are always good. But will remedies for the body effect a cure to the mind? No! there are some ailments that are beyond the reach of human alleviation. Mrs. Patty, there is a disease called LOVE. Nay, Mrs.—*Miss* Patty—dear Miss Patty—do not turn from me! You will drive me to despair if you look so. Oh, Miss Patty, I did not intend to address you thus; but your extreme kindness encourages me. Would you give me leave? Would you sit down for one minute?"

He had risen and drawn me to the arm-chair; and he now stood with his folded arms resting on the mantle-piece, and his eyes bent down on the china shepherdesses.

I pitied him so very much that I was just going to assure him of my anxiety to relieve him at any expense— But I did not wish to be precipitate, so I only blushed and wished the woman in the corner would take her eyes off me.

Striking his breast in the vehemence of his feeling, Monsieur Angelo continued:

"Miss Patty, your feminine tenderness will have sympathy with my weakness. You have observed that picture in the corner? It is a feeble representation of its original; but, believe me, my betrothed is an angel!"

I jumped up as if I had been shot. "Excuse me, I left the sauce-pan on the fire, and I hear it boiling over."

"But you will come back to hear my history, dear Miss Patty? I wish you so much to know and love *my* Vittoria."

I could hardly force a "Yes" as I hurried from the room.

There are some moments in life stamped so indelibly on memory that not even the friction of long years can annihilate the impression. *Once*, at least, during a lifetime, even the most soberminded have a transient dream and a rude awaking. Until now I had not known that I dreamed. I only knew it when I awoke. I only knew it as I sat with my apron over my head, in the kitchen, and felt my eyes scorched by the unconsumed fire at my heart.

There was no sauce-pan on the fire—the embers were dying out—the cat was lying inside the fender, with its red eyes shining up at me, making me think of the woman's eyes, till I shuddered.

Poor me! That little romance was swallowed down like a bitter pill. It was a bit of summer to look back on afterward—a summer that never could come again. A while after, I copied some lines into the cover of my hymn-book, something about

'Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all.

And I think it is a true saying; for though I got over the bad feeling with a great effort, the sympathy my weakness gave me with other people never passed off.

I did not go back to Signor Angelo that evening. I could not; and I made an excuse when he asked me the next day, and said it was mother kept me. But about a week afterward he invited me again, and I went. Yes, I sat and listened to his story—heard all about Vittoria Ernstein, how beautiful and clever she was, and how he loved her; and I tried to take an interest in her too, and forget myself.

He told me how he had met with her and her cousin Gertrude in Germany, and described them both. Vittoria, with her grand, great beauty; and Gertrude, soft and gentle, like a spring flower. Then he went on about his plans for the future; how his improved circumstances allowed of his marriage; how he had written to fix Christmas, and waited an answer. I asked with a sinking heart if he would leave us then, but he said, "No, Vittoria would be quite satisfied:" and I felt happier. Only when he kept watching for the morning post, sitting at the window, with his eye fixed on the post-office, it was bitter and hard to bear.

It was Monday morning, just after post-time, and there had been two letters for Signor Angelo, with foreign post-marks, which Betsy had taken up to his room. I was washing in the back kitchen, with a great fire on, and up to my elbows in soap-suds, not altogether in a good humor, when Betsy rushed into the room, and declared that the *foreigneer monsheer* had gone demented.

I gave her a box on the ear as an impudent hussy, but, for all that, desired an explanation. "*Monsheer* was rushing about his room, uttering loud cries," she said, and she had heard a heavy sound like the fall of furniture.

I wiped my arms in a great hurry, and rushed out to listen.

There were strange sounds, as Betsy had represented; but it was in vain that I knocked at the door, or tried to enter—the bolt was drawn, and no one answered—only the sounds quieted, and I heard a succession of moans.

"Monsieur Angelo—Monsieur Angelo!" I said, "it's me—it's Patty. Won't you say what's the matter? Are you ill? Oh, monsieur!"

At last came an answer. "What do you want? Go away—don't bother."

Later in the afternoon I heard his bolt withdrawn, and a low voice calling to Betsy, and I rushed out. I only just caught sight of his face, very white and care-worn, as he drew back and rebolted the door; but on the landing floor lay a little note that I seized hastily. It was directed to *Miss Patty*, and I popped it into the bosom of my dress, and went up stairs to read it.

"Dear Patty," it said, "would be sure to sympathize with the extreme agony of a fellow-creature—one who was sinking in the very depths of desperation." Then came a very incoherent bit that I could not understand, and it went on to tell how Vittoria's father, having always opposed his daughter's union with the signor on the score of his want of means, had latterly so goaded her with entreaties, commands, and arguments, that in a fit of despair she had plunged into an immense gulf. Those were the words of the note, ending with wild apostrophes, and resolutions for a speedy reunion. I read and re-read the note in trembling eagerness. One thing was clear: Vittoria was dead, and Angelo, in consequence, was bent on self-destruction; I alone aware of the catastrophe, and with the power of preventing further mischief. But how?

I dropped a tear over Vittoria's untimely fate, and took out my desk. It was in vain to attempt to speak to him, but I might write. And I did write. I found a sheet of paper with the broad black edge I had used while mourning for my father, and, for the first time, addressed Anglo by letter. I began by condolences, and went on to talk of sympathy and resignation. It took me a long time to do, and I think I could never have managed at all had it not been for the packet of letters, labeled "*Condolences*," that my mother had received in her great trouble. I took a nice saying out of each of these, and strung the bits together by *ands* and *buts*. It was really a beautiful letter when it was done, and the termination, "Your sincere sympathizer," looked so nice at the bottom of the page—so very expressive, but not too warm.

I folded and sealed the note, carried it down stairs, slid it under the door, and gave a low tap to attract his attention. Then, in breathless anxiety, I waited for further tidings.

They came at last—a low-toned "*Miss Patty*"—and I found myself admitted into the little parlor where poor Angelo was sitting over the fire, looking the picture of misery.

He took my hand. "Mrs. Patty," he said, "I thank you for your sympathy. But I find I was mistaken in some of the particulars with which I before acquainted you. I have been re-reading the letters, and see that I jumped to hasty and erroneous conclusions. Vittoria (he shuddered at her name), Vittoria is not dead, but she is lost to me. I received two letters this morning: one from her, talking wildly of the roaring and foaming sea that she overlooked from her windows, hinting at despair and self-destruction. The other was from Gertrude, to tell me that her cousin was lost to me forever. Further than this I did not at first read—every thing seemed evident, Vittoria's devotion unto death, and my necessary despair. But now I find there is a very different interpretation. Vittoria still lives, but as dead to me. Over-persuaded by her father, she has agreed to bestow her hand on another.

Angelo paused, overcome by his feelings; and, burying his face in his hands, sobbed like a child. I did not try to quiet him. I let him cry, and cried with him. It was the best relief. When he was quite wearied I spoke to and comforted him, brought him some warm tea, and insisted on his going to bed.

Next morning I had removed the picture, put it away in the chiffonier, and, by tacit consent, we both from that day avoided her name. He went back to his old habits and his teaching. I did my best to make him forget the past and enjoy the present.

So time passed. Winter came with its sleet and snow; and December 23d found a troop of joyous boys crowding the railway omnibus, and singing, "Domum, domum, dulce domum!" with heart if not with harmony. And a fly stood before our passage entrance, with a portmanteau strapped to the top; while Signor Angelo hurried down stairs, armed with a carpet-bag and umbrella, and, holding out his hand to me on the lowest step, said, "Good-by!" in a hearty voice. I was holding my apron to my eyes, and I called him back, and bade him not to forget the sandwiches in his great-coat pocket, and the medicine bottle full of wine and water; and to mind and write to me from Germany. He was going—*home*, as he said, *for the holidays*—for, though Italian by parentage, he had been brought up in Germany, and loved it best; and even his late disappointment had not sufficed to cool the feeling.

Mother and I spent a dull Christmas together; hardly reminded of the season save by the yule-cake at tea, and the church bells ringing at day-break. I put up the holly sprigs as I had ever done, for custom's sake; and even carried a few branches into the vacant parlor, putting some bits behind the china shepherdesses, on the window-sill, and the very nicest sprigs over monsieur's portraits. The room looked very dull without its occupant; and I stood looking at the picture over the mantle-piece, till I met its eye, and then I went away with a tear in mine. What was that poor fellow doing in a land of strangers? Did any one mend his linen when it came in from the wash, and see it was well aired? Oh dear! what would he do without me?

And now in my turn I watched for the post in vain. The weeks went over, Mr. Clatterback's academy was to reopen on Tuesday, the grammar-school the next day, and by the Monday post, at last, came a letter for me! Pity me!

Monsieur Angelo returned home that evening—but not alone. With him came Madame Angelo Pagliardini, the little fair-haired Cousin Gertrude, who had written to tell about Vittoria's infidelity.

From the parlor window I watched him help her out of the fly with tender pride, and bring her into the house; and I clasped my hands till my nails ran into my fingers, and told myself over and over again that I hated them both. But I was obliged to go and meet them—obliged to make all sorts of congratulations, and give my hand when the signor introduced me as his good Miss Patty, who would, he hoped, be his wife's friend too. I did not raise my eyes to Madame's face, but I saw her hand as it lay in mine; mine brown, and hard, and harsh, hers soft and white as a lily, with pink palms like the blush of a conch-shell. It was a great contrast, and it made me more bitter. I thought that men never looked beyond appearances, and moralized a great deal about the worth of a gem being irrespective of its setting.

But before spring had brought the fresh flowers I was fain to confess that earth had few young people in it so fair and sweet as my second lodger, sitting in the parlor window, with the light falling on her long golden hair, and her violet eyes watching the street-corner for her husband's home-coming.

Poor little Gertrude! poor little darling! with all her heart she loved that thoughtless, selfish man—far more dearly than my calm middle age had ever been able to love him in the days when I believed him perfection. Now that my eyes were once opened, I saw him so differently. I heard his occasional harsh answers to her gentle words, I noticed his invincible vanity, and I wondered how I had ever overlooked it with that constant record in the sitting-room.

Self goes a long way with most men, but self went beyond itself in his case. It demanded all her love, and comfort, and thought as well. It wore her life away with its continual rust. And all the time she never seemed to see it; she always thought whatever he said or did must be right.

In strange gradation my feelings changed. By spring I loved Gertrude, by summer I doubted her husband, and with the autumn harvest a shadow had sprung up, I knew not how. Gertrude had no great mind, no strength of character. She was not fitted to cope with a wayward and changeable nature. When she had given her warm love and perfect trust she had given all; you had looked to the very bottom of her clear heart. So Angelo took her first as a fresh, pure flower; admired its loveliness and fragrance; then, with his old fickleness, let it fall away from his grasp. He did not throw it away—he only let it drop slowly, slowly to the ground. And at the bottom of all this was Vittoria. Oh! had I not reason to hate her name?

She was Angelo's first and only love. It was in a moment of pique against her that he married her pretty, gentle cousin; and when, by some waywardness of fortune, Vittoria's engagement was again broken off, Angelo repented his rashness, and suffered his old love to revive.

I do not know if Gertrude ever knew all this, but I sometimes fancied that she guessed it. At least she saw that he was changed, and the light in her blue eyes faded, and her step grew very slow and very weak. Then came a long period of illness, and at its close Gertrude was again at her old station by the window, watching the road. But not so earnestly; her gaze was oftener directed to the infant on her lap, that was all in all to her, as she was all in all to it. One evening monsieur was later than usual in coming in, and I had been sitting with madame in the twilight, helping to nurse the baby, and trying to cheer its mother, for she was out of spirits, and said she did not feel well. There was a step on the stairs, and a faint color came into Gertrude's cheek, and she popped the baby into its cradle. I was leaving the room as monsieur entered. I saw him kiss his wife, inquire after her health. I heard his words.

"Not feeling strong! The fact is, Gertrude, you will never be strong while you keep poking in the house. I'll hire Barnes's gig, and take you a drive to-morrow. There, don't say 'No.' It will do you good."

I did not hear her answer, but I know she never went contrary to any thing he said; and next morning she asked me to take baby while she was out. To this moment I can recall the sweet expression of her countenance, as she looked up to the window where I was holding the baby, and nodded farewell.

It was late before she came in. The wind had risen, and there was a drizzling rain in the air. Her cloak was wet when I helped her off with it, and she complained of chilliness.

Before that day week she was *dead*. The exposure had caused inflammation, and she sank rapidly.

She sent for me into the room, that last night, and herself put the baby into my arms, and bade me keep and guard it as my own child. And, with the night-lamp only breaking the gloom, and the father speechless with remorse, I knelt by the dying mother and received the trust, to guard and give it back to its mother in a better place.

We buried her in the old church-yard behind the house, where we could see her grave as we passed backward and forward, and where the baby's eye might fall on her place of rest. Poor Gertrude!—poor little soul!

At Christmas the signor gave up his engagements in the town, and went abroad. He was going again to Germany. Some months after I heard he had married Vittoria Ernstein, and it did not surprise me. They came to England, and he obtained some other engagement in the south, for his place at Aiskrigg was filled up. Once they wrote something about taking the child, but the offer was not made earnestly, and when I repeated the story of my promise to the dead mother, they said no more. So Gertrude's baby stays with us in the old house, and makes our hearts' sunshine with her sweet ways and mother's eyes. "Angelina" her mother called her; and so she is—our little angel. God bless and make us better, for her sake!

THE KISS IN THE STREET.

THE world is a world of glorious themes,
The world is a world of wonder;
A web and a tissue of beautiful dreams,
To be torn by the world asunder.
The world is an image of beauty,
The world is a type of bliss;
If the world would but do its duty
There would be no world like this.

I walked in the street on a sunshiny day,
I walked and I watched the crowd,
The crowd that were looking so happy and gay
That they almost shouted aloud.
I held by the hand my darling girl,
She skipped and she danced along,
And, childlike, laughed at the hum and the whirl
Of the countless moving throng.

I walked, and I watched the myriad mass
That was sweeping idly by,
And it made me glad to see them pass
With a smiling lip and a laughing eye.
And so I sang to myself a song,
A song on the happiest theme,
To the crowd that was slowly passing along,
Like the mythical forms in a dream.

And so I sang, as I walked along,
Led by my baby guide,
And a man came out of the midst of the throng,
Who walked by my darling's side.
He was pale, and haggard, and marked with woe,
But his clothes they were rich and fine,
And a diamond gleamed on his shirt of snow,
Which I wished at the moment were mine.

He walked for a while with a downcast eye,
Then stooped with a sudden bow,
And I heard the moan of an inward sigh
As he kissed my darling's brow.
In the crowded street we quietly stand,
While neither offered to stir;
And he softly said, as he pressed my hand,
"I have lost a child like her."

Then silently passed that haggard man
To the midst of the crowd again,
And the song I had in my heart began
Was hushed in a throb of pain.
It is many a year since that sunny day,
And my darling lives above;
The song and all have passed away
But the memory of my love.

THE WEEKLY FARMER.

TOBACCO.

TOBACCO SEED FROM CUBA.—Mr. Bragg, of St. Louis, Missouri, who has just returned from the Island of Cuba, where he has been residing, and giving his special attention to the culture of tobacco, tells us that he knows that the Cuban tobacco may be cultivated in our climate with success.

Mr. Bragg brought home the seed of the genuine *Vuelta de Abajo* from one of the largest *Vegas* in the District of Pinar del Rio, in the western part of the island. These seeds are known in Cuba by the name of *Semillas de Tabaco de la* VUELTA DE ABAJO, *de las Mejores Vegas*. This tobacco is used in the manufacture of the finest Havana cigars; and most of this brand is monopolized by the well-known cigar manufacturers of Havana—viz., Cabana & Carbajal, Opheimer & Co., and Cabajo. This tobacco is so valuable it is difficult to get the seed. Mr. Bragg has the genuine seed, which he will *give* to all agriculturists to test its culture. He will send seed to those who want it, *free of all charges*, expecting them to report the results.

Whoever wants seed will address Mr. Oliver Tarbell Bragg, box 2391, Post-office, St. Louis, Missouri.

Tobacco is grown for special purposes in many Northern places. This is true of the Wrapper Leaf, of the northern shore of Lake Erie and elsewhere, which often sells at a higher price than that of the more Southern districts, because of the fineness of its texture, which is mainly due to the imperfection of its growth. These facts hold good of the thin leaf of Canada as compared with the Black Fats of Virginia. The light-colored leaf of the eastern shore of Maryland sells readily in the German markets, for the manufacture of Kite Foot, etc. The seed leaf of Connecticut, which is almost flavorless, is used in Havana to wrap the highest-priced cigars. Therefore a small crop here, at high prices, will pay. The soil which grows the Wrapper Leaf can not grow the plant as well as in the South. Plants for Wrapper Leaf may be raised in hot-beds, as early cabbages; then transplanted to the proper distance apart, and cultivated in the usual manner.

The exhaustion of the soil by tobacco should teach us to restore the elements of fertility taken away by crops. Constant cropping, without any restoration, is a system of robbery. Experience shows that a soil is not inexhaustible because it is not yet exhausted. Liebig says: "The first colonists of Virginia found a soil rich in alkalies; harvests of wheat and tobacco were obtained for a century from one and the same field without the aid of manure; but now whole districts are abandoned, and converted into unfruitful pasture-land, which, without manure, produces neither wheat nor tobacco. From every acre of this land there were removed in the space of 100 years 12,000 pounds of alkalies in leaves, grain, and straw; it became unfruitful, therefore, because it was deprived of every particle of alkali fit for assimilation, and because that which was rendered soluble again in the space of one year was not sufficient to satisfy the demands of the plants."

Again he says, in his "Familiar Letters on Chemistry:" "Is it possible, after so many decisive investigations into the origin of the elements of animals and vegetables, the use of the alkalies, of lime and the phosphates, any doubt can exist as to the principles upon which a rational agriculture depends? Can the art of agriculture be based on any thing but the restitution of a disturbed equilibrium? Can it be imagined that any country, however rich and fertile, with a flourishing commerce, which for centuries exports its produce in the shape of grain and cattle, will maintain its fertility if the same commerce does not restore, in some form of manure, those elements which have been removed from the soil, and which can not be replaced by the atmosphere? Must not the same fate await every such country which has actually befallen the once prolific soil of Virginia, now in many parts no longer able to grow its former staple productions—wheat and tobacco?"

Again, in his "Modern Agriculture," which is now in press by the Messrs. Harper & Brothers, he says: "The tobacco-planter takes away, in the tobacco-leaves, an immense amount of mineral elements (in clover-hay, for instance, not above 10 per cent.; in tobacco-leaves from 18 to 24 per cent.)."

Eight hundred pounds of tobacco gave 160 pounds of ashes, which were composed of—

Potash	19·42
Soda	0·11
Lime	73·44
Magnesia	20·94
Chloride of sodium	5·58
Chloride of potassium	6·36
Phosphate of iron	8·76
Phosphate of lime	2·38
Sulphate of lime	10·16
Silica	12·85
	160 lbs.

Here are substances, and how to return them to the soil most economically we may speak of at another time. The figures given above, in relation to the composition of the tobacco-plant, are as exact as figures can be in any other business. The tobacco-planter owes the soil from which 800 pounds of tobacco are removed 160 pounds of substances spoken of in the table. If they are not returned, the same will be true of rich soil now which, as Liebig says, "has actually befallen the once prolific soil of Virginia." If, then, the tobacco-grower takes out of the soil in every 800 pounds of tobacco 160 pounds of ashes, whose ingredients none of which the growing crop can take from the air, and keeps up this wasting system, his soil will grow poorer and his crops smaller, until at last it is exhausted, like a rich man who throws his money away—poverty winds both systems up. Let those who want to deceive farmers cater to prejudice as they may, the time is coming when the truth shall be known; it has come when worn-out lands should awaken our minds to the national importance of this subject, and from which we should learn a useful lesson. Let us talk as we may about developing the resources of our country, but remember that EXHAUSTION is not development. The census of 1840 says that the tobacco crop of the United States amounted to 219,163,319 pounds, and that of 1850 to 199,752,646 pounds. These figures show a decrease of 19,410,673 pounds. It will therefore be seen that this crop once, and even now, so important a staple, is fast lessening in value. Its decline and fall are mainly due to the exhaustion of the soil.

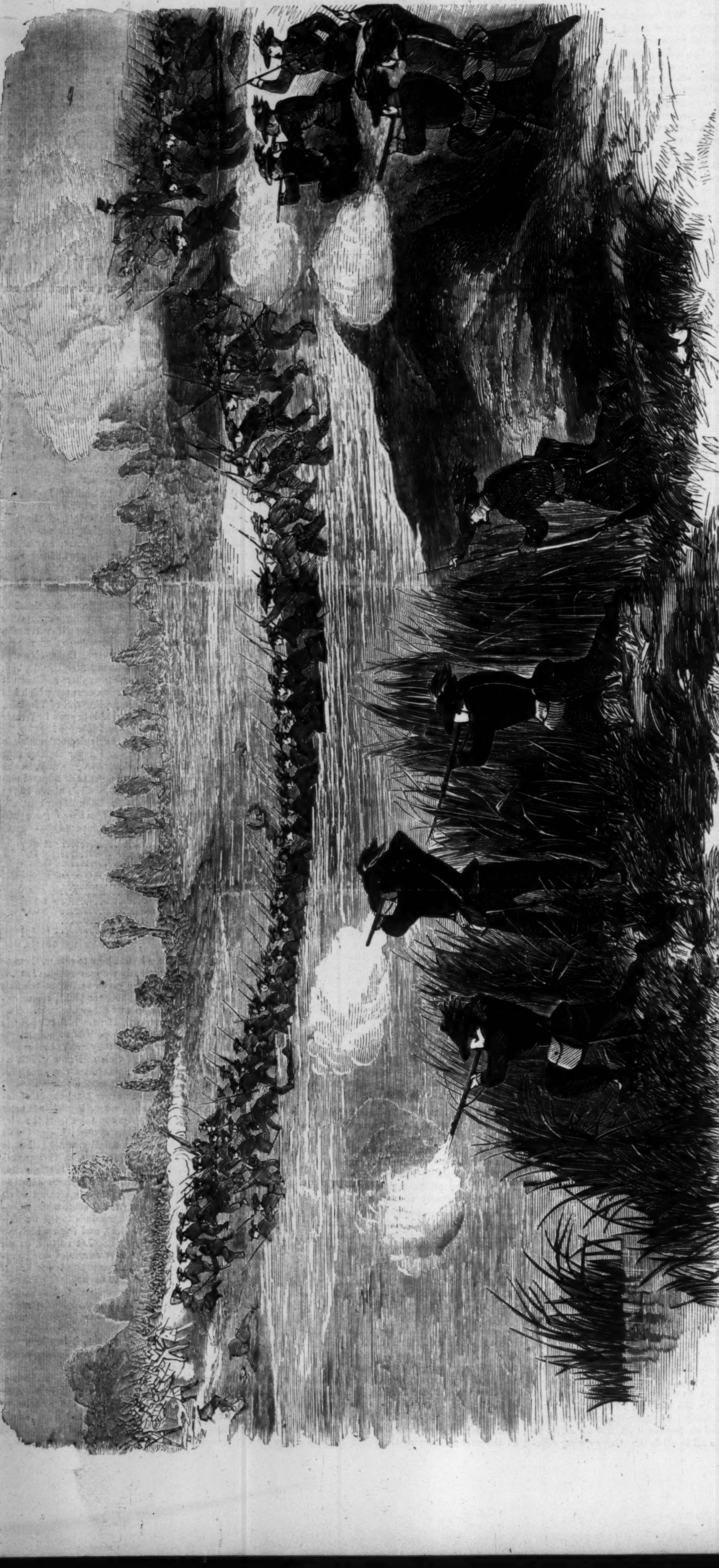
We hope tobacco-growing readers will look at these facts well. They are of as much importance to them as were those given in the articles on WHEAT, to the wheat-growers of the West, on the exhaustion of the soil by that staple production of our country.

ONE-HORSE MOWING-MACHINES.

MR. JOHN PAYNE, Canada West, writes:

"Is there a one-horse mowing-machine that will do good work, and can it be used among stumps?"

There is a one-horse mower that will do good work, but not among stumps if the land is thickly studded with them. Until lately we saw no *one-horse* machine worthy the farmer's attention. One is being built, known as an *improved one-horse mower*, of light draught, works easily, and is sold for about $75. The driver's seat is so arranged that his weight in it causes a proper pressure on the horse's back, and no more. The cutters are not liable to clog. It has a wheel and lever attached, so that the driver can raise the cutter-bar six to eight inches, thus allowing it to pass over stones or other things in the way, without injury to the machine, which may thus be drawn to the field over a common road. The driver in his seat can throw the machine *in or out of gear* by a short lever within his reach. We saw the machine of which we speak work on the morning after a heavy rain on a side-hill—old apple-trees at the usual distance apart, the sod rough and spongy, the grass fallen, tangled, very fine, and wet. A light-built horse drew the mower with ease, while the grass was closely cut around the bodies of the trees. It worked well, through these difficulties, up and down hill, but it was guided by a skillful operator. Excellent work may be done on lawns and other intricate places where a two-horse machine can not be used.



A PARTY OF BERSAGLIERI, SUPPORTED BY THE 10TH INFANTRY, FORDING THE SESIA AT VERCELLI, AND SURPRISING THE AUSTRIAN REAR-GUARD.

THE PASSAGE OF THE SESIA BY THE PIEDMONTESE BERSAGLIERI.

THE spirited engraving which we give herewith represents the passage of the Sesia by the Bersaglieri, on 21st ultimo, and is from a sketch by Mr. Vizetelly. The author thus describes the scene:

"An officer told me that an attempt was about to be made to surprise the Austrians, who still remained on the opposite bank of the Sesia. He recommended me, if I wished to witness a feat of arms, to make immediately for a spot on the right bank of the river, which he indicated. The attempt to cross the stream was to be made in two places simultaneously, so as to surprise the enemy on both flanks. You will have heard that the Austrians, on vacating Vercelli, blew up the bridge in their rear, fancying by this act to secure their retreat. The river, therefore, had necessarily to be forded by the Sardinians.

"As a measure of precaution no one was allowed to leave Vercelli on the side of the Sesia, which is barely a quarter of a mile from the outskirts of the town, and sentinels were posted at short intervals to enforce the foregoing order. My permit made me an exception to the rule, as I had taken care in it to have it distinctly specified that I was to be allowed to make sketches of the bridge which had been partially destroyed, and of the town, from any point I thought proper. Having passed the line I proceeded in the direction which had been pointed out to me, and soon came upon a large body of Bersaglieri and a considerable force of the 10th Regiment of Piedmontese Infantry, concealed in a hollow formed by the rising bank of the river. I held aloof, watching their movements, screened by some tall wheat and a clump of trees. I could not see the Austrians on the opposite side, owing to the right bank of the Sesia rising considerably at this spot. Presently there was a hasty movement among the troops; officers passed quickly to and fro; and it became evident something was about to take place. In another moment the first ranks of Bersaglieri rushed over the bank, speedily followed by the remainder, with the exception of a certain number told off as skirmishers, who spread out, occupying every spot of rising ground, and forthwith commenced a rapid discharge from their rifles, under cover of which the bulk of the force proceeded to ford the river. I rushed off to a raised bank slightly to the left of the skirmishers, and from my position had a good view of the affair. On the opposite bank were the Austrians, apparently in great disorder, firing, as it appeared to me, at random, for many of their shots came 'duck and drake' fashion through the water, and rolling at my feet quite out of the line of troops that were crossing. Perhaps some of the enemy caught sight of me, and did me the honor to exercise their skill upon me. Having, however, no inclination to be a target for Tadeschi bullets, I lay down perfectly flat, only keeping my head sufficiently up to see what was going on.

"The foremost of the Bersaglieri had by this time reached the other side, and without waiting to discharge their rifles, went in at the Austrians (who were retiring through the trees) with their sword-bayonets down. I noticed that the first few poor fellows fell heavily forward, as they ran up the bank, under the fire of the Austrians; while among those who were still crossing more than one waved his arms—a signal that he had been struck—and, after floating for a short distance, sunk beneath the rapid waters of the Sesia. The contending parties were soon screened from view by the foliage, as the Austrians, making no stand, were followed up by the Sardinians through a thick plantation of trees, and I was unable to see what further took place, but imagine the fighting must for a time have been sharp from the continued rattle of musketry. The skirmishers still occupied their positions, ready to cover the retreat of their comrades should it be necessary. This brilliant *coup de main*, however, turned out perfectly successful, and a considerable amount of baggage, as also some few prisoners, fell into the hands of the Sardinians, who were enabled to make good their position on the left bank of the river, where they were speedily reinforced.

"It appears the Austrians were taken completely by surprise, and were cooking their dinners, which the sudden rush of the Piedmontese made this an unnecessary meal for many of them."

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1859, by Harper & Brothers, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

TRUMPS.

BY GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE CAMPAIGN.

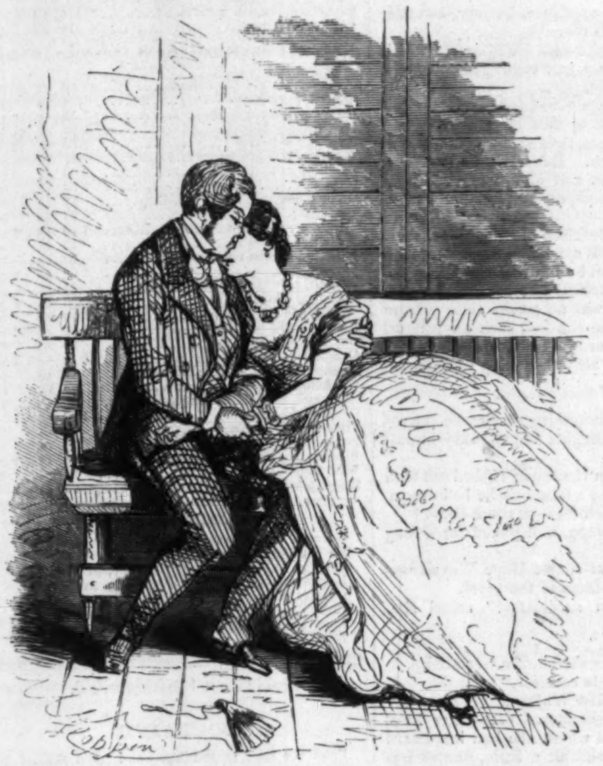
MISS FANNY NEWT went to Saratoga with a perfectly clear idea of what she intended to do. In brief, she intended to be engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks.

That young gentleman was a second cousin of Hope Wayne's, and his mother had never objected to his little visits at Pinewood, when both he and Hope were young, and when the unsophisticated human heart is flexible as melted wax, and receives impressions which only harden with time.

"Let the children play together, my dear," she said, in conjugal seclusion to the late Honorable Budlong Dinks, who needed only sufficient capacity and a proper opportunity to have been one of the most distinguished of American statesmen. He indeed thought he was such already. Why undeceive him? asked Mrs. Dinks of herself. Why indeed! she answered. It was quite unnecessary. There was plenty of diplomacy in the family already, and that most skillful of all diplomatic talents, the management of distinguished statesmen, was not unknown there. Mrs. Budlong Dinks, for instance— But why anticipate?

Mr. Alfred, as we have seen, wore seven and a halfs, lady's size. He was also a sportsman. But it is an unkindness of Nature that makes an American gentleman a sporting gentleman. Sporting in the broad sense belongs to feudal times and countries, when people had to work hard to amuse themselves. But a sportsman is rather a dreary spectacle in times and countries in which people earn their own livings. There is nothing more melancholy than the American race-course, excepting, perhaps, the American steeple-chase.

Fanny Newt had made the proper inquiries.



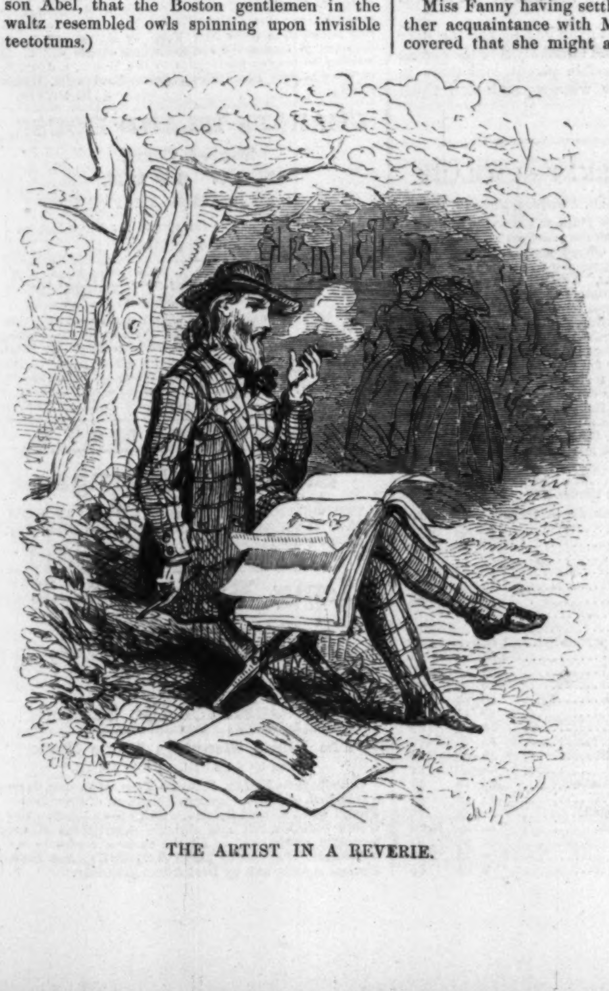
ALFRED DINKS AND FANNY NEWT.

The result was that there were rumors—how *do* such stories start? asked Mrs. Budlong Dinks of all her friends who were likely to repeat the rumor—that it was a family understanding that Mr. Alfred Dinks and his cousin Hope were to make a match. "And they *do* say," said Mrs. Dinks, "what ridiculous things people are! and they *do* say that, for family reasons, we are going to keep it all quiet! What a world it is!"

The next day Mrs. Cod told Mrs. Dod, in a morning call, that Mrs. Budlong Dinks said that the engagement between her son Alfred and his cousin Hope Wayne was kept quiet for family reasons. Before sunset of that day so-ci-e-ty was keeping it quiet with the utmost diligence.

These little stories were brought by little birds or by some other equally effective agency to New York, so that when Mr. Dinks arrived the air was full of hints and suggestions, and the name of Hope Wayne was not unknown. Farther acquaintance with Mr. Alfred Dinks had revealed to Miss Fanny that there was a certain wealthy ancestor still living in whom the Dinkses had an interest, and that the only participant in that interest was Miss Hope Wayne. That was enough for Miss Fanny. It occurred to her that Mrs. Dinks, whose delightful acquaintance the Newts had already made, might, by the merest chance in the world, have reflected upon the remote possibility of a matrimonial alliance between her son and his second cousin.

"Mr. Dinks," said Miss Fanny, as they chatted together at the balls in the spring, "you Boston gentlemen waltz beautifully." (It was after one of the balls, in the sanctity of the maternal dressing-room, that she had made the observation which Mrs. Newt imparted to her son Abel, that the Boston gentlemen in the waltz resembled owls spinning upon invisible teetotums.)



THE ARTIST IN A REVERIE.

Mr. Dinks had courage to reply,

"Oh, Miss Newt, you New York ladies flatter dreadfully."

But Miss Fanny retorted,

"Not at all; and you will see that I am correct in saying so. I say that you Boston gentlemen do waltz divinely." (Alfred Dinks had his share of the little bit of vanity with which Nature stints the male sex, and he seemed to himself to be sipping honey-dew.) "But Mr. Dinks," continued Fanny, fixing the firm black eyes upon him (what stunners they are! meditated Mr. Alfred Dinks), "don't you think that the Boston girls are, not much, you know, but just the leastest little bit in the world, what we sometimes call--you know not much I say—just a little, little bit, dowdy!"

New York bellehood had, and always will have, a certain bewildering charm to the Dinkses. He faltered for a moment before betraying the very citadel of the Boston toilet (for when you have said dowdy, what contemptuous epithet remains?), and smiled in a silly way, for there is nothing that a pair of firm black eyes makes such game of as a sportsman.

"Well, no—yes—perhaps—I guess so—" He saw that he was floundering. He recovered with an effort and said, gravely, "I dunno."

Fanny carelessly played with her fan as if there could be no serious debate about it, and said,

"I knew you would agree with me—every man of sense must."

"Oh, indeed—I mean—" replied Alfred, unwilling to forfeit his reputation for sense with Miss Fanny, but anxious to speak well of his friends at home; "I guess if you could see my cousin, Hope Wayne, you wouldn't think the Boston girls were dowdy."

Miss Fanny concentrated her eyes upon him, and articulated, slowly and interrogatively,

"Your cousin, Hope Wayne?"

"Yes," replied Dinks, hurriedly; "oh, she's a most beautiful girl. Lives all alone with her Grandpa Burt in the country. I don't believe she's ever seen any other man but me."

Fanny opened her eyes, still interrogating. "Oh," said Alfred, "I don't mean, you know—oh, no, nothing of the sort—not at all, not at all."

And he looked and shook his head and pulled his coat up about his shoulders, and repeated, "Oh, no," in such an amusingly confused but half-knowing way that the chief engineer behind the battery of the black eyes was really outgeneraled, and thought, upon the whole, that he was engaged to Hope Wayne.

Miss Fanny having settled this, and upon farther acquaintance with Mr. Dinks having discovered that she might as well undertake the matrimonial management of him as of any other man, and that the Burt fortune would probably descend, in part at least, to the youth Alfred, she decided that the youth Alfred must marry her.

But how should Hope Wayne be disposed of? Let us see.

She lived in Delafield. Brother Abel, now nearly nineteen—not a childish youth—not unhandsome—not too modest—lived also in Delafield. Had he ever met Hope Wayne?

By skillful correspondence, alluding to the solitude of the country, et cetera, and his natural wish for society, and what pleasant people were there in Delafield, Fanny had drawn her lines around Abel to carry the fact of his acquaintance, if possible, by pure strategy.

In reply, Abel wrote about many things—about Mrs. Kingo and Miss Broadbraid—the Sutlers and Grabeaus—he praised the peaceful tone of rural society, and begged Fanny to beware of city dissipation; but not a word of old Burt and Hope Wayne.

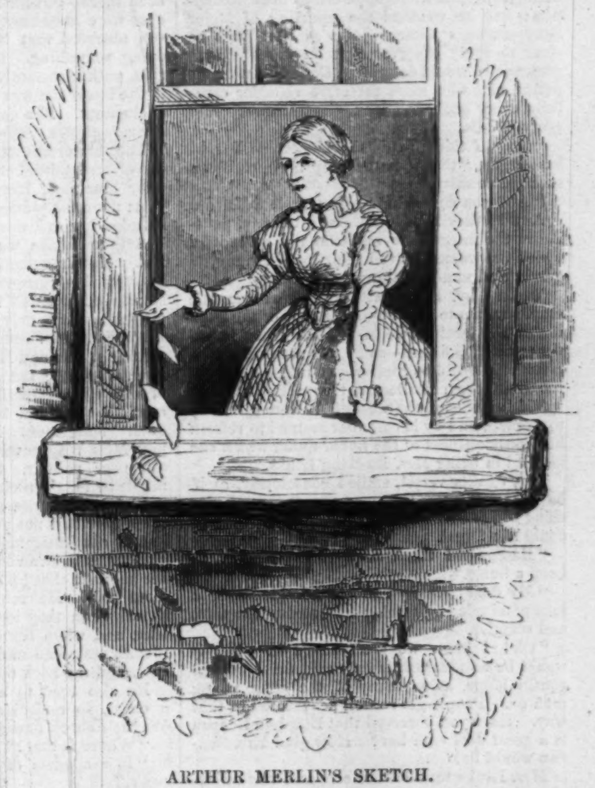
Sister Fanny wrote again in the most confiding manner. Brother Abel replied in a letter of really beautiful sentiments and a quotation from Dr. Peewee.

He overdid it a little, as we sometimes do in this world. We appear so intensely unconscious that it is perfectly evident somebody is looking at us. So Fanny, knowing that Christopher Burt was the richest man in the village, and lived in a beautiful place, and that his lovely grand-daughter lived with him constantly, with which information in detail Alfred Dinks supplied her, and perceiving from Abel's letter that he was not a recluse, but knew the society of the village, arrived very naturally and easily at the conclusion that brother Abel did know Hope Wayne and was in love with her. She inferred the latter from the fact that she had long ago decided that brother Abel would not fall in love with any poor girl, and therefore she was sure that if he were in the immediate neighborhood of a lady at once young, beautiful, of good family and very rich, he would be immediately in love—very much in love.

To make every thing sure, Abel had not been at home half an hour before Fanny's well-directed allusion to Hope as the future Mrs. Dinks had caused her brother to indicate an interest which revealed every thing.

"If, now," pondered Miss Fanny, "somebody who shall be nameless becomes Mrs. Alfred Dinks, and the nameless somebody's brother marries Miss Hope Wayne, what becomes of the Burt property?"

She went, therefore, to Saratoga in great spirits, and with an unusual wardrobe. The opposing general, Field-Marshal Mrs. Budlong Dinks, had certainly the advantage of position, for Hope Wayne was of her immediate party, and she could devise as many opportunities as she chose for bringing Mr. Alfred and his cousin together. She did not lose her chances. There were little parties for bowling in the morning, and early walking, and Fanny was invited very often, but sometimes omitted, as if to indicate that she was not an essential part of the composition. There was music in the parlor before dinner, and working of purses and bags before the dressing-bell. There was the dinner itself, and the promenade, with music, afterward. Drives, then, and riding; the glowing return at sunset—the cheerful cup of tea—the reappearance, in delightful toilet, for the evening dance—windows—balconies—piazzas—moonlight!



ARTHUR MERLIN'S SKETCH.

Every time that Fanny, warm with the dance, declared that she must have fresh air, and that was every time she danced with Alfred, she withdrew, attended by him, to the cool, dim piazza, and every time Mrs. Dinks beheld the departure. On the cool, dim piazza the music sounded more faintly, the quiet moonlight filled the air, and life seemed all romance and festival.

"How beautiful after the hot room!" Fanny said, one evening as they sat there.

"Yes, how beautiful!" replied Alfred, who found originality in conversation difficult, alone with a girl in the moonlight.

"How happy I feel!" sighed Fanny. "Ever since I have been here I have been so happy!"

"Have you been happy? So I have been happy, too. How very funny!" replied Alfred.

"Yes; but pleasant, too. Sympathy is always pleasant." And Fanny turned her large, black eyes upon him, while the good young Dinks was perplexed by a singular feeling of happiness.

They were content to moralize upon sympathy for some time. Alfred was fascinated, and a little afraid. Fanny moved her somewhat Junonine shoulders, bent her somewhat swan-like neck, drew off one glove and played with her rings, fanned herself gently at intervals, and with just enough embarrassment not to frighten her companion, opened and closed her fan, as if prodigious things might be said if it were only right to allude to them.

Alfred Dinks, good-humored chip, floated on the smooth current—so smooth that its swiftness was imperceptible.

"What a fine fellow Bowdoin Beacon is!" said Miss Fanny, a little suddenly, and in a tone of suppressed admiration, as she drew on her glove, and laid her fan in her lap, as if on the point of departure.

"Yes, he's a very good sort of fellow."

"How cold you men always are in speaking of each other! I think him a splendid fellow. He's so handsome. He has such glorious dark hair—almost as dark as yours, Mr. Dinks."

Alfred half raged, half smiled.

"Do you know," continued Fanny, looking down a little, and speaking a little lower; "do you know if he has any particular favorites among the girls here?"

Alfred was dreadfully alarmed.

"If he has, how happy they must be! I think him a splendid sort of man—but not precisely the kind I should think a girl would fall in love with. Should you?"

"No," replied Alfred, bewildered. He rallied in a moment. "What sort of man do girls fall in love with, Miss Fanny?"

Fanny Newt was perfectly silent. She looked down upon the floor of the piazza, fixing her eyes upon a pine-knot, and wondering which way the grain of the wood ran, while her whole mind seemed bent upon — what?

The silence continued. Every moment Alfred was conscious of an increasing nervousness. There were the Junonine shoulders—the neck—the downcast eyes—a belle—daughter of Boniface Newt—moonlight—the softened music.

"Why don't you answer?" asked he at length.

Fanny bent her head nearer to him, and dropped these words into his waistcoat,

"How good you are! I am so happy!"

"What on earth have I done?" was the perplexed and pleased and ridiculous reply.

"Mr. Dinks, how could I answer the question you asked without betraying—?"

"What?" inquired Alfred, earnestly.

"Without betraying what sort of man *I* love," breathed Fanny, in the lowest possible tone, which could be also perfectly distinct, and with her head apparently upon the point of dropping after her words into his waistcoat.

"Well?" said Dinks.

"Well, I can not do that, but I will make a bargain with you. If you will say what sort of girl you would love, I will answer your question."

Fanny expected to hear a description of Hope Wayne. But Alfred's mind was resolved. The foolish youth answered with his heart in his mouth, and barely whispering,

"If you will look in your glass to-night, you will see."

The next moment Fanny's head had fallen into the waistcoat—Alfred Dinks's arms were embracing her. He perceived the perfume from her abundant hair. He was frightened and excited and pleased.

"Dear Alfred!"

"Dear Fanny!"

"Come Hope, dear, it is very late," said Mrs. Dinks in the hall, alarmed at the long absence of Fanny and Alfred, and resolved to investigate it.

The lovers heard the voice, and were sitting quietly just a little apart, as Mrs. Dinks and her retinue came out.

"Aren't you afraid of taking cold, Miss Newt?"

"Oh, not at all, thank you, I am very warm. But you are very wise to go in, and I shall join you. Good-night, Mr. Dinks." As she rose, she whispered—"After breakfast."

The ladies rustled along the piazza in the moonlight. Alfred, flushed and nervous and happy, sauntered into the bar-room, lit a cigar, and drank some brandy and water.

Meanwhile the Honorable Budlong Dinks sat in an arm-chair at the other end of the piazza with several other honorable gentlemen, Major Scuppernong from Carolina, Colonel le Fay, from Louisiana, Captain Lamb from Pennsylvania, General Arcularius Belch of New York, besides Captain Jones, General Smith, Major Brown, Colonel Johnson, from other States, and several honorable members of Congress, including, and chief of all, the Honorable Barabbas J. Ele, a leading statesman from New York, with whom Mr. Dinks passed as much time as possible, and who was the chief oracle of the wise men in arm-chairs who came to the springs to drink the waters, to humor their wives and daughters in their foolish freaks for fashion and frivolity, and who smiled loftily at the pretty game of love and flirtation going on all around them, the gay young people who amused themselves with setting up ten-pins and knocking them down, while they, the wise men in arm-chairs, devoted themselves to talking politics and showing each other from day to day the only way in which the country could be made great and glorious, and fulfill its destiny.

"I am not so clear about General Jackson's policy," said the Honorable Budlong Dinks, with the cautious wisdom of a statesman who will not commit himself unnecessarily—of a statesman, in fact, who believed that statesmanship consisted in never defining your position.

"Well, Sir, I am clear enough about it," replied Major Scuppernong. "It will ruin this country just as sure as that," and the Major with great dexterity directed a stream of saliva which fell with unerring precision upon the small stone in the gravel walk at which it was evidently aimed.

The Honorable Budlong Dinks watched the result of the illustration with deep interest, and shook his head gravely when he saw that the stone was thoroughly drenched by the salivary cascade. He seemed to feel the force of the argument. But he was not in a position to commit himself. He held no public office, indeed, nor had he ever held any, except when he served a term in the Legislature of his native State. At the next election he was left at home, and the electors of the district in which he resided had fallen into an inveterate habit of leaving him at home. But he preserved an unruffled calmness. He had the air of a man who was perpetually upon the point of receiving dispatches from Washington, informing him that he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary somewhere. He seemed to be forever deprecating congratulations upon events about to happen; and he watched the squirting of Major Scuppernong's tobacco-juice as if it must be clear to every observer that he was the man whose word would determine General Jackson's policy, and who must therefore consider carefully every quid, and look dispassionately into every puddle.

"Now, *I* think," said the Honorable Barabbas J. Ele, "that it is the only thing that can save the country."

"Ah! you do," said the Honorable B. Dinks.

And so they kept it up, day after day, pausing in the intervals to smile at the ardor with which the women played their foolish game of gossip and match-making.

When Mrs. Dinks withdrew from her idle employments to the invigorating air of the Honorable B.'s society, he tapped her cheek sometimes with his finger—as he had read great men occasionally did to their wives in moments of relaxation from intellectual toil—asked her what would become of the world if it were given up to women, and by his manner seemed to refresh her consciousness of the honor under which she labored in being Mrs. Budlong Dinks.

She, weaker vessel, smiled consciously, as if he very well knew that was the one particular thing which under no conceivable circumstances could she forget.

"Budlong, I think really Alfred ought to keep a horse."

"My dear!" replied the Honorable B., in a tone of mingled reproach, amusement, contempt, and surprise.

"Oh! I know we can't afford it. But it would be so pleasant if he could drive out his cousin Hope, as so many of the other young men do. People get so well acquainted in that way. Have you observed that Bowdoin Beacon is a great deal with her? How glad Mrs. Beacon would be!"

Mrs. Dinks took off her cap, and was unpinning her collar, without in the least pressing her request. Not at all. The horse was out of the question.

Now the state of the country did not so entirely engross her husband that he had not seen all the advantage of Hope's marrying Alfred.

"It *is* a pleasant thing for a young man to have his own horse. My dear, I will see what can be done," said he.

Then the diplomatist untied his cravat as if he had been undoing the parchment of a great international treaty. He fell asleep in the midst of rehearsing the speech which he meant to make upon occasion of his presentation as Envoy Extraordinary at the Court of St. James. His beloved partner lay by his side, and resolved that Alfred must immediately secure Hope Wayne before he himself was secured by Fanny Newt.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

ARTHUR MERLIN, PAINTER.

The whole world of Saratoga congratulated Mrs. Dinks upon her beautiful niece, Miss Wayne. Even old Mrs. Dagon said to every body:

"How lovely she is! And to think she comes from Boston! Where did she get her style? Fanny dear, I saw you hugging—I beg your pardon, I mean waltzing with Mr. Dinks."

But when Hope Wayne danced there seemed to be nobody else moving. She filled the hall with grace, and the heart of the spectator with an indefinable longing. She carried strings of bouquets. She made men happy by asking them to hold some of her flowers while she danced; and then, when she returned to take them, the gentlemen were steeped in such a gush of sunny smiling that they stood bowing and grinning—even the wisest—and felt as if the soft gush pushed them back a little. For the beauty which allured them defended her like a fiery halo. In her dress and manner and conversation there was that exquisite moderation which is generally unperceived, but always captivating. There was an undertone of music in her speech as there was of grace in all her movements. So radiant, so glancing, so womanly retiring, so bewitchingly courteous, so thoughtful, so modestly supreme—it was wonderful how the secluded girl of Pinewood had become the belle of Saratoga. This result could only have been produced by the most joyous and propitious influences, thought every body at Saratoga—who could never be properly said to think at all.

It was understood that she was engaged to Mr. Alfred Dinks, her cousin, who was already, or was to be, very rich. But there seemed to be nothing very marked in his devotion.

"It is so much better taste for young people who are engaged not to make love in public," said Mrs. Dinks, as she sat in grand conclave of mammas and elderly ladies, who all understood her to mean her son and niece, and entirely agreed with her.

Meanwhile all the gentlemen who could find one of her moments disengaged, were walking, bowling, driving, riding, chatting, sitting, with Miss Wayne. She smiled upon all, and sat apart in her smiling. Some foolish young fellows tried to flirt with her. When they had fully developed their intentions she smiled full in their faces, not insultingly nor familiarly, but with a soft superiority. The foolish young fellows went down to light their cigars and drink their brandy and water, feeling as if their faces had been rubbed upon an iceberg, for not less lofty and pure were their thoughts of her, and not less burning was their sense of her gentle scorn.

But Arthur Merlin, the painter, who had come to pass a few days at Saratoga on his way to Lake George, and whose few days had expanded into the few weeks that Miss Wayne had been there—Arthur Merlin, the painter, whose eyes were accustomed not only to look, but to see, observed that Miss Wayne was constantly doing something. It was dance, drive, bowl, ride, walk incessantly. From the earliest hour to the latest she was in the midst of people and excitement. She gave herself scarcely time to sleep.

The painter was introduced to her, and became one of her habitual attendants. Every morning, after breakfast, Hope Wayne held a kind of court upon the piazza. All the young men surrounded her and worshiped.

Arthur Merlin was intelligent and ingenuous. His imagination gave a kind of airy grace to his conversation and manner. Passionately interested in his art, he deserted its pursuit a little only when the observation of life around him seemed to him a study as interesting. He and Miss Wayne were sometimes alone together; but although she was conscious of a peculiar sympathy with his tastes and character, she avoided him more than any of the other young men. Mrs. Dagon said it was a pity Miss Wayne was so cold and haughty to the poor painter. She thought that people might be taught their places without cruelty.

If Arthur Merlin had been less in love with his art, or had not perceived that Miss Wayne had a continual reserved thought, he might have fallen in love with her. As it was, he liked her so much that he cared for the society of no other lady. He read Byron with her sometimes, when they went in little parties to the lake, and when somehow he and Hope found themselves alone under the trees in a secluded spot, and the book open in his hand.

He also read to her one day a poem upon a cloud, so melodiously exquisite, that Hope Wayne's cheek flushed, and she asked, eagerly,

"Whose is that?"

"It is a poem of Shelley's, a friend of Byron's."

"But how different!"

"Yes, they are different men."

After that day Byron was accompanied by Shelley in Mr. Merlin's pockets whenever he chanced to be alone with Miss Wayne. They naturally conversed a great deal of poetry and the poets. Mr. Merlin said that Shelley was one of the noblest and purest of men, but he was shockingly unhappy. His mind was not balanced, if you choose, but it was no bum-boat, no scow, nor, on the other hand, was it a pirate, as the goodies contend.

"No," said Arthur, his brow growing calmer as he spoke, "it was a fairy bark; and if it drifted at the will of the wind and could never reach a port, yet it rang with music that the human heart prizes—it was radiant with the holiest light that shines from love and bravery, and it was laden with precious thoughts and tender sympathies. It comes to no port, if you will, but every noble heart hangs out flags of welcome as it passes. No, no, Miss Wayne," he continued, as he caught her eyes looking at him intently, "believe a painter rather than some of the preachers, and do not suppose that a generous, self-sacrificing, sincere, and noble man can be a bad man at bottom. Shelley touched life with bare nerves, and his whole existence was a shudder. How many of the leather men who sneer at him are any better beside him than a lump of mud by a butterfly! I love Shelley, and pity him. I can't love Byron, while I pity him."

He smiled a moment as he stopped, and added, "But I see you will consider that I am a preacher, after all, and so won't believe me. Then listen to this."

And the young man read the ode to a Skylark.

"How joyous it is!" said Hope; "but I feel the sadness through the joy."

"Yes, I often feel that in people as well as poems," replied Arthur, looking at her closely.

She colored a little—said that it was warm—and rose to go.

The cold black eyes of Miss Fanny Newt suddenly glittered upon them.

"Will you go home with us, Miss Wayne?"

"Thank you, I am just coming;" and Hope passed into the wood.

When Arthur Merlin was left alone he quietly lighted a cigar, opened his port-folio and spread it on his knees, then sharpened a pencil, and began to sketch. But while he looked at the tree before him, and almost mechanically transferred it to the paper, he puffed and meditated.

He was clearly conscious of two things.

First, that Hope Wayne was constantly with other people, and yet he felt that she was a woman who would naturally like her own society. Second, that there was no person then present at Saratoga in whom she had such an interest that she would prefer him to her own society.

And yet she was always seeking the distraction of other people.

Puff—puff—puff.

Then there was something that made the society of her own thoughts unpleasant—almost intolerable.

Mr. Arthur Merlin vigorously rubbed out with a piece of stale bread a false line he had drawn.

What is that something—or some-bod-y?

He stopped sketching, and puffed for a long time.

As he returned at sunset Hope Wayne was standing upon the piazza of the hotel.

"Have you been successful?" asked she, dawning upon him.

"You shall judge."

He showed her his sketch of a tree-stump.

"Good—but a little careless," she said.

"Do you draw, Miss Wayne?"

A curious light glimmered across her face, for she remembered where she had last heard those words. She shrank a little, almost imperceptibly, as if her eyes had been suddenly dazzled. Then a little more distantly—not much more, but Arthur had remarked every thing—she said:

"Yes, I draw a little. Good-evening."

"Stop, please, Miss Wayne," exclaimed Arthur, as he saw that she was going. She turned and smiled—a smile that seemed to him like starlight, it was so clear and cool and dim.

"I have drawn this for you, Miss Wayne."

She bent and took the sketch which he drew from his port-folio.

"It is Manfred in the Coliseum," said he.

She glanced at it; but the smile faded entirely. Arthur stared at her in astonishment as the blood slowly ebbed from her cheeks, then streamed back again.

The head of Manfred was the head of Abel Newt. Hope Wayne looked from the sketch to the artist, searching him with her eyes to discover if he knew what he was doing. Arthur was sincerely unconscious.

Hope Wayne dropped the paper almost involuntarily. It floated into the road.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Merlin," said she, making a step to recover it.

He was before her, and handed it to her again.

"Thank you," said she, quietly, and went in.

It was still twilight, and Arthur lighted a cigar and sat down to a meditation. The result of it was clear enough.

"That head looks like somebody, and that somebody is Hope Wayne's secret."

Puff—puff—puff.

"Where did I get that head?" He could not remember. "Tut!" cried he, suddenly bringing his chair down upon its legs with a force that knocked his cigar out of his mouth, "I copied it from a head which Jim Greenwich has, and which he says was one of his schoolfellows."

Meanwhile Hope Wayne had locked the door of her room. Then she hurriedly tore the sketch into the smallest possible pieces, laid them in her hand, opened the window, and blew them away into the dark.

WEEKLY MARKET SUMMARY.

New York, *Saturday, June* 18, 1859.

The Wholesale Produce Markets have been much depressed during the week for the principal kinds of Breadstuffs, which have been offered more freely than they have been required by the regular trade, who have made the bulk of the purchases. There has been very little demand from either speculators or shippers, and with receipts exceeding the anticipations of most operators, holders have manifested considerable eagerness to sell.... Cotton has been in moderate request, and has advanced ⅛ c. per pound.... Provisions have been unsettled, closing heavily at reduced prices for most kinds. The transactions in Pork have been mainly for future delivery.... Sugars have been in fair demand. Coffee, Teas, Rice, and Molasses have been lightly dealt in.... Hay, Hops, Seeds, and Tobacco have attracted more attention.... Fish, Naval Stores, Oils, Tallow, and Wool have been less sought after.... Hides and Leather have been pretty actively inquired for at buoyant prices.... Metals have been in limited request.... We append a revised list of the closing quotations for the leading articles:

Standard Super State Flour, per barrel	$6 05	@	$6 30
Extra State Flour	6 50	@	6 80
Superfine Western	6 10	@	6 35
Low to Choice Extra Ohio	6 90	@	8 25
Extra Missouri	7 00	@	10 00
Superfine Southern	7 15	@	7 55
Extra Southern	7 60	@	9 25
Superfine Rye Flour	3 90	@	4 15
Jersey Corn Meal	4 10	@	4 15
White Michigan Wheat, per bushel	1 52½	@	1 75
White Southern Wheat	1 65	@	1 95
Red Western Wheat	1 50	@	1 62½
Milwaukee Club	90	@	1 20
Chicago Spring	90	@	1 10
New Yellow Corn	85	@	88
Rye	93	@	96
Barley	60	@	72
Western Oats	50	@	52
State Oats	48	@	51
Jersey and Pennsylvania Oats	44	@	48
Southern Oats	42	@	46
Cotton, middlings, per pound	11¾	@	12
New Mess Pork, per barrel	—	@	16 50
Prime Pork	—	@	14 62
Country Mess Beef	8 00	@	9 25
Hams, per pound	8	@	8¼
Shoulders	6¾	@	7¼
Lard	11	@	11¾

Wholesale Prices obtained by Producers at Washington Market.

Strawberries, per 100 baskets	$1 50	@	$5 00
Cherries, per pound	4	@	10
Gooseberries, per bushel	1 75	@	3 00
Peaches, per bushel	9 00	@	12 50
Apples, per barrel	2 50	@	4 00
Potatoes, old, per barrel	87	@	2 25
Potatoes, new, Southern	2 50	@	3 25
Onions	2 50	@	3 00
Onions, new, per dozen bunches	37	@	62
Turnips	37	@	50
Turnips, per basket	1 00	@	1 25
Beets, per bushel	37	@	—
Beets, per dozen bunches	50	@	75
Carrots	1 00	@	1 25
Carrots, new, per dozen bunches	31	@	37
Cabbage, new, per 100	4 00	@	8 00
Garlic, per 100 bunches	5 00	@	—
Green Beans, per bushel	1 37	@	1 50
Green Peas, per bushel	50	@	62½
Cucumbers, per 100	2 00	@	4 00
Eggs, N. Y. and N. J., per dozen	15	@	16
Chickens, per pair	38	@	62
Chickens, Bucks Co., per pound	—	@	15
Geese, Spring, each	1 00	@	1 50
Turkeys, per pound	10	@	14
Ducks, per pair	75	@	1 25
Pigeons, per dozen	1 50	@	2 00
Wild Pigeons	1 25	@	1 75
Snipe, per dozen	25	@	2 00

Summer Resorts.

Cozzens' Hotel, West Point, N. Y.
La Tourette House, Bergen Point, N. J.
Trenton Falls Hotel, Trenton Falls, N. Y.
Hopatcong House, Lake Hopatcong, N. J.
Charles Island House, Milford, Conn.
Cliffwood House, Cliffwood, Raritan Bay, N. J.
Congress Hall, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.
Howland's Hotel, Long Branch, N. J.

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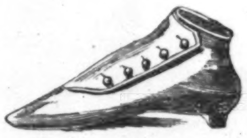

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